SECOND INTERNATIONAL ANTHOLOGY ON PARADOXISM

ANOTIMP&ABADDABA
2000

editor: FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

Second International Anthology on Paradoxism

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FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

editor

SECOND INTERNATIONAL ANTHOLOGY ON PARADOXISM

poems, prose, dramas, essays, letters

(100 writers)

ANOTIMP&ABADDABA, 2000

THE PARADOXISM IN ALL FIELDS OF KNOWLEDGE

It took me ten years to collect all these texts dealing with the paradoxism, since I came to America, reading more than one thousand envelopes stuffed with manuscripts.
They followed me at my address, often changed upon my job, in Phoenix and Tucson (Arizona) or in Gallup (New Mexico).
I tried to answer each letter sending information on the paradoxism and also paradoxist diplomas where it was the case.
Now I congratulate all these 100 writers who contributed to this anthology with poems, prose, dramas, essays, letters.
This is an international fan on the dimensions of the paradoxism, twenty years after its setting up.

Thanks to the widest spread reference publications, such as ***Literary Market Place, Poet's Place, Ulrich's Directory of Periodicals, Gale Group, EBSCO's Directory, Dustbooks, R.R. Bowker*** the paradoxism became well-known to the international literary community, especially to North America and Western Countries.
Working as a computer programmer and then as a software engineer for a large corporation like Honeywell, between 1990-1995, we the employees, circulated through e-mail the paradoxism in engineering. For example, look at these Top 20 Engineers' Terminologies from Bertolucci's "The Sheltering Sky":

1. A NUMBER OF DIFFERENT APPROACHES ARE BEING TRIED - We are still pissing in the wind.
2. EXTENSIVE REPORT IS BEING PREPARED ON A FRESH APPROACH TO THE PROBLEM - We just hired three kids fresh out of college.
3. CLOSE PROJECT COORDINATION - We know who to blame.
4. MAJOR TECHNOLOGICAL BREAKTHROUGH - It works OK, but looks very hi-tech.
5. CUSTOMER SATISFACTION IS DELIVERED ASSURED - We are so far behind schedule the customer is happy to get it delivered.
6. PRELIMINARY OPERATIONAL TESTS WERE INCONCLUSIVE -The dam thing blew up when we threw the switch.
7. TESTS RESULTS WERE EXTREMELY GRATIFYING - We are so surprised that the stupid thing works.
8. THE ENTIRE CONCEPT WILL HAVE TO BE ABANDONED - The only person who understood the thing quit.
9. IT IS IN THE PROCESS - It is so wrapped up in red tape that the situation is about hopeless.
10. WE WILL LOOK INTO IT- Forget it! We have enough problems for now.
11. PLEASE NOTE AND INITIAL - Let's spread the responsability for the screw up.
12. GIVE US THE BENEFIT OF YOUR THINKING - We'll listen to what you have to say as long as it doesn't interfere with what we've already done.
13. GIVE US YOUR INTERPRETATION - I can't wait to hear this bull!
14. SEE ME or LET'S DISCUSS - Come into my office, I'm lonely.

15. ALL NEW - Parts not interchangeable with the previous design.
16. RUGGED -Too damn heavy to lift.
17.LIGHTWEIGHT- Lighter than RUGGED.
18.YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT-One finally worked.
19.ENERGY SAVING-Achieved when the power switch is off.
20.LOW MAINTENANCE-Impossible to fix it broken.

.....

Champagne yes, philosophy no.

And now hear this Indian tale, more than 25 years old joke, that ends in a... mathematical formula!

Once upon a time, somewhere in North America, an Indian chief and his squaw had a son. Being the first child, it was born on the hide of an elk.

Eventually a second son was born, of the chief's next squaw, this time on the hide of a cougar.

When he was getting older, the chief got married a third time, with a very capricious squaw who also became pregnant. She insisted that her child could only be born of the hide of a hippopotamus. You can well imagine the great voyage of the indian chief, by pony, by canoe, walking and so on to Africa whence he returned in time with a hippopotamus hide. His third child, also a son, was then born on this hide.

The other two sons were jealous of the new child, and they set out to kill him. The mother fought so valiantly that she saved her son and died in the effort, having killed the two "would-be murderers". Since then, whenever his tale is told by the tribal elders, they point out that:

"THE SQUAW ON THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WAS EQUAL
TO THE SONS OF THE SQUAWS ON THE OTHER TWO HIDES"

What do you think about the famous Murphy's Laws, very well moulded on the paradoxism in society? Or about the romanian prose writer Negruzzi (19th century) with his short story "Alexandru Lăpuşneanu" ("If you don't want me, I want you!"), or the Italian humanist poet Petrarca (14th century) with his love antinomies, or the ancient Greek poets and playwriters (before Jesus Christ): Pindar, Homer, Sofocles, Euripides? There is, perhaps, no creator not having used at least an antithesis or a paradox in his or her work - because the paradoxes bring something of relish, of curiosity, of incitement.

What do you think about the paradoxes in mathematics and physics (called "exact" sciences!) that reasarchers could not solve?

The paradoxist texts have a meaning, encoded in multiple cases, the reader needs first to find the key of understanding therefore, no way to label them dadaist if he or she does not penetrate their significance. They are neither surrealist, because are not based on dreams or metaphysics, nor cubist, because are not focusing on geometrisation.
The paradoxism is the last avant-garde movement of the second millenium.

Besides its focus on oppositions wich are organically mixed in order not to be oppositions anymore, the paradoxism is based very much, as any avant-garde movement, on experiments and innovations. Also, the paradoxism tries connections between remote field of knowledge, and takes ideas against the hair in counter-sense, or re-interpret them upside down. That's why many times paradoxism is in good neighbourhood with the

humor and the puzzle. "The paradoxism proposed to prove the possibility of generalizing the literary work to a "without limits" multiplicity (...), including for this heterogeneous elements" (Titu Popescu).

Readers, attempt to bring in literature, art, phylosophy, even science assertions against the common belief, against the main stream. Explore the unexplorable! Do not go with the crowd. Encroach upon conventions and pietrified knowledge and feelings. The common sense is trivial, try the uncommon sense. THINK DIFFERENT!

Please send your camera ready paradoxist creations to:

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"PARADOXISM" Journal and Association
University of New Mexico
Mathematics (!) Department
200 College Road
Gallup, NM 87301, USA.
E-mail: smarand@unm.edu
URL: http://w.w.w.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/
(and go down main page to "paradoxism")

GEORGE MIŢIN VĂRIEŞESCU
(Australia)

V E R B E

non-poezie paradoxistă

dedic aceste verbe, celor care nu există...

făuritori de verbe:
mâncători de substantive...
Posesori de adjective
dosite în cavouri!
pescuitori de peşti;
pescari devoraţi.
neputincioşi, tera măcinaţi
în neexistenţa voastră
un fir de păr îl disecaţi
fără a mai judeca
judecătorul fiind absent...
căci cutia craniană-i goală
o purtaţi pe umeri doar...
de fudulie.
din naştere ea fiind ciuruită...
lichidul vâscos
l-aţi pierdut pe drum...
când v-aţi stabilit
în oază!
n-aţi mai existat.
De aceea;
când conjugaţi ori declinaţi
apelaţi la verbe
moarte în cărţi
iar dacă verbu-i şters,
nu mai existaţi.
de fapt, nici n-aţi fost
decât umbra ciulinilor
cu spini tociţi
pierduţi prin răsărit.
vreţi să vă impuneţi
prin neexistenţă
anulând verbul
care nu a existat.
de aceea v-aţi întors
de unde aţi plecat
scăldându-vă în baltă
căci oaza-i prea adâncă!

29 iulie 1994

OVERNAK C. ANTOINE ADONH
(Benin)

THE PARADOX OF LEARNING

Learn nothing on days
That will show hate
One's mind on the relay
But share with one's faith.

For inner most hum.
With the bondage of care
Civilizations dwells over.
Nobody knows it before moon.

JOEL KUPER
(Canada)

FUCK 1

CAUTION: Keep out of reach of children.
If product accidentally gets in
ears, rinse thoroughly with water.
If irritation persist contact a
physician.

MICHÈLE DE LAPLANTE
(Canada)

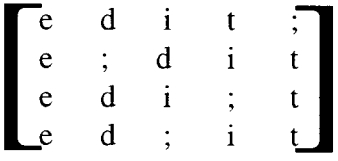
Paradoxe 93

Law # 86...
Those are not French in Québec?
Now english in this country is the paradox of Ryan...
Un politicien qui domine mal
Aulieu de prendre sa retraite...
Those are just english in Québec?
Our ancesters had preserved french.
French here is a paradox.
By centuries in North America we saved our romances!
Law # ... 86?
C'est une génocide linguistique!

French eats french!
Quel non-sens révoltant!

Même le Parti québécois n'ose dénoncer ce fait viscéral...

DAVID RODGERS
(Canada)



P o e m + +
A d d S e q u e n c e
Of(f)-on, esandz eros
Stroked to translation
Binaryfunneled into
I s a n d i s n' t s
The purest poetry
Codified, efficient.

"No one particularly enjoys doing dishes"
This may be rewritten:
1/x (dq/dx - q/x) =
= 1/x (mp - ap)
A point made clear
through simple algebra.

GERALD ENGLAND
(England)

PARADOX

The passed-on have not passed on
the living are not alive
soon the time will come
when time will not be
and the complete will be incomplete
the end has begun
continuance is discontinued
the truthful lie
the lying prove true
they are coming
but they won't stay long
soon be gone
and what is this heaven
which men call hell?
it is the life we live
the death we die
the future is past
the past not come
and as for the present
it is absent
and all is nothing
nothing is all
love is a hateful thing
the straight is crooked
the crooked straight
and the real paradox is
that there is no paradox

MARIE NORMAND & JEAN NORMAND
(France)

aem eb ixtuq "1 ol eb otothuaer ael
.anemusne
ub nes iupleup éfjéb bnette ns . aulq ael
? ue 12 . nuiq 12 ub ellimaf enu
avaer geeb nepeel arebnaer aemsaeup
tnocriveto . telluiq tuelèb ñ nuiq 13 ub
.ibel l nua tnotnoper te iuapeuT eb
anemsaeu aem eb uteuq "2 ol xetuvgo A
. nuiq 25 ub xitnoq ñ . elaes
aiel ertî aeq aeveuq er no , anoll
.ebliaqdib
o mainuer enu io if . nuiq 12 ibeum el
ruver eb xequoaae on no : ebaxî l ñ 30"12
aiev aeur er ut ia enalpelet . xefneeb el
eeb tnolaeur aipel us) trapaveo l ñ aeq
er ae tnemaeeleq l ñ tnoup . aepaqeol
naaiaur el ê ebiaeuq aiel aeq ebimes
.aeeev ns

xiaq us l el fotnivl A
ns ti iupraup
tno a . naeq

e ñ nuloteune nol ruaq noitatuileq : 29
ititeleb ol nup aiev ef . aiaeup eb lovitaiq
bnete `a

[1] Il faut le lire dans le mirroir.

JEAN-PAUL ROUSSET
(France)

à Florentin Smarandache,
le fondateur international du paradoxisme

En France, désormais,
nous serons deux
à connaître le piricossanoglais.
Enfin, un et demi...
Lui, qui habite au Nord-Ouest de la France,
le dernier à le parler,
et moi, qui le lis.
1 1/2...
Lorsque le poigne de l'horreur
commence à t'étrangler,
s'échappent encore quelques mots
et leurs contraires.
Quand la main de l'infâme
s'efonce dans ta gorge
quelques signes entament la révolte,
l'équation se brise
et la figure géométrique éclate à la gueule de l'endormi.
Lorsque l'horrible se croit vainqueur
le dernier mot se faufile encore:
(absolu - éternité - esprit)
jusqu'à ce que ton ultime silence
hurle à jamais
et pulvérise
tout autre silence indifférent.

Bergerac, 15-6-92

DAN DĂNILĂ
(Germania)

I.

dante nu avea dantele
vinci nu trăgea la vinci:
ce, fidel avea fidele,
ori mahmurii mahmudele,
sau opinia opinci?
uite ţarul fără ţară,
uite varul fără vară,
vezi prin nubia nubile
şi prin zambia zambile,
moşul ce avea o moaşă,
un cocoş cu o cocoaşă
şi-un chilen cu două chile.

II.

poe thule poe
tu poţi reci ti
căra rest e voie
amu amur i
nor osul a ger
a tom ori a ion
un înger în ger
mir oase nor oaie
eu par avion
tu pari avioaie.

.....

1.

pasăre cu nepăsare
zboară vastă la nevastă
cu aripa de balanţă
nemişcată în cântare

păsăruie amăruie
duce veste la neveste
nişte rime primeneşte
dăruite nimăruie

dulce ne duce
oasele rotundele
undele secundele
culce şi Neculce...

2.

Mare cuvânt
cu valuri
de mentă
pentru mireasma gurii
de ţinut
în ceru-i
atunci
limba
rară
sare
cunoaşte.

.....

MIELUL

De salină dorul sării
nu s-alină
de arşice
osul spart între cerbice
mielul mării
cerul gurii

De albastru cerul mării
nud albastru
din telurii
colonadă albă, astru
de alină
cerul gurii

De arşice gura plină
sare albă
de salivă
dus în ceruri fără salbă
mielul negru
cerul gurii.

PAUL GEORGELIN

(Italy)

Entre l'illusion et la certitude,
il n'y a pas de différence:
celle-là est la face cadrée de celle-ci.
Entre l'illusion et la désillusion,
il n'y a que l'espace d'un instant.

TECHO
(Nicaragua)

Masterpiece

O

How hard this was to do!

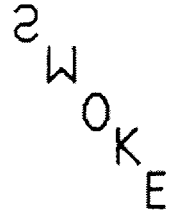
[Obra maestra

O

¡Cuanto me ha costado hacer esto!]

(translation by R. KELLY WASHBOURNE)

THE HOUSE IN THE LAKE

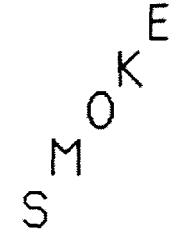


BUT ONLY THE REFLECTION SENT

THE HOUSE WAS IN FLAMES

THE HOUSE WAS IN FLAMES

BUT ONLY THE REFLECTION SENT



THE HOUSE IN THE LAKE

EMIL BURTON
(Romania)

DESPRE PARADOXISM

Din capul locului trebuie să remarcăm că cel mai fertil şi util teren al cunoaşterii este cel al paradoxismului - <adevăruri şocante> care ne cutremură cu diverse grade de tărie pe "scara Richter". Orice adevăr nou care contrastează cu antrenamentul nostru intuiţionist anterior, îl numim în general "paradox". Orice situaţie în care suntem surprinşi de un astfel de contrast, o numim "paradoxală". Cu cât terenul cunoaşterii noastre înaintează în spaţii de dimensiune superioară (izomorfe în esenţă cu un IR^n, $n>4$), cu atât şocul noilor descoperiri este mai "delicat" şi mai "puternic". Sensul lui "puternic" trece uşor, pe nesimţite, de la cotidian la subtilitatea armoniei christice care supune natura inferioară prin iubire pură.

Limbajul pe care-l folosim pentru descrierea unor astfel de subtilităţi, trebuie în mod necesar să evolueze în complexitate şi nuanţă, trecînd tot pe nesimţite în spaţiul poetic al metaforelor. Nu este de mirare că cea mai paradoxală carte din lume este **Biblia**. Utilizînd limbajul simplu pentru descrierea unor adevăruri superioare, se ajunge (paradoxal) la contraste şi contradicţii la nivel formal. Iată un exemplu din multe altele: "Fiindcă atît de mult **a iubit Dumnezeu lumea**, că a dat pe singurul Lui Fiu, pentru că oricine crede în El, să nu piară, ci să aibă viaţa vecinică." (Ioan 3,16). Compară cu: "**Nu iubiţi lumea**, nici lucrurile din lume. Dacă iubeşte cineva lumea, dragostea Tatălui nu este în el." (1 Ioan 2,15)

Pentru un spirit inferior, cele două citate de mai sus pot constitui un "puternic" motiv de a combate Biblia. Lumea de azi (ca şi cea de ieri) este plină de "teologi" şi "atei" aflaţi la începutul evoluţiei lor spirituale. Pentru un spirit superior (realmente superior), cele două citate de mai sus nu fac altceva decît să se completeze reciproc. "Cerul şi pământul vor trece, dar cuvintele Mele nu vor trece nicidecum" - spunea Domnul Iisus (Matei 24,35). Ce sunt de fapt bietele noastre cuvinte?...!...

Neîncetat va trebui să ne luptăm cu dimensiunile spaţiilor superioare, cucerindu-le treptat cu multă răbdare.

Nu putem rămîne deci la 'starea Wittgenstein': "whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent". Şi-atfel, metafizica îşi extinde drumul ei paradoxal şi "discutabil" pe tărîmul spaţiilor superioare. "By recognizing the diversity of the functions of language, Wittgenstein inevitably altered the task of philosophy" - spune Samuel Stumpf.

ADA CÎRSTOIU
(Romania)

VRERE, BERE, ERE

Eu beau o bere
Şi tu-mi spui de durere
Ere, vere, bere, vrere...

Mai toarnă o bere
Sufletul că-mi cere
Bere, bere, bere.

Primesc înc-o bere
Plimb capul cu plăcere,
Vere, bere, ere.

Beau într-una bere
Corpul palme cere
Vere, bere...

Simt că prind putere
Ducă-se durere!
Be....re....bere..be..re.

Diavolu e-n bere
O simt cu plăcere
Vrere, bere, ere.

ALEN DELEANU
(Romania)

Amiază

Trepte albe duc spre maul vînăt
Cele două portaluri arcuite/inde
Umbre ale amiezii statice
Şi scaunul negru cu spetează găurită.
1996

Teoremă (pseudo)geometrică

O sferă-nscrisă în altă sferă
la pătrat
este egală cu radicalul sferei
încrise-n sferă.
1994

Simetrie autumnală

Ploaie. Săgeți. Plumb. Săgeți. Ploaie.
1994

Micul-dejun cu pălărie

În dimineața galben-țepoasă de septembrie
Își luase micul-dejun cu pălărie
După care
Suci gîtul canarului
De cristal.

CONSTANTIN DINCĂ
(Romania)

Un om

Un om trist priveşte
Pe fereastră, departe
Un om departe este,
Dincolo de o fereastră.
Omul departe este
Şi departe şi este
Privire fără privit.

Un om încolăcit
În jurul axei sale,
În jurul privirii sale
Care nu poate depăşi
Fereastra ferestrei
Spre afară.
Şi nu se poate depăşi
Şi nu se poate.

(În acelaşi timp
Şi în acelaşi spaţiu
Femeia stă cu coatele
Pe marginea lumii
Şi stabileşte războaie şi pace.)

Singurătatea arcului

Într-o dimineaţă mai înspre seară stelele străluceau/păleau şi nu se vedeau şi eu am pierdut buletinul de identitate. Pomii se aruncau în braţele mele şi ploua şi nu. Era o despărţire, era o rupere în mine, pe lîngă tine, departe.

Înfrunziseră pomii şi cădeau frunzele. Frumos, dar nu ştia nimeni.

Erau doar zvonuri. Toţi şi toate vorbeau în acelaşi timp în acelaşi spaţiu, într-un punct de sosire. Şi încercam să fac gimnastică într-un punct. N-aveam nici o dimensiune.

Cineva mi-a atras atenţia.

Mergeam în echilibru pe dunga dintre timp şi spaţiu.

Atunci s-a prezentat la mine un personaj fără nici o însuşire şi mi-a cerut cheile de la apartament. Parcă ar fi fost trimis de cineva şi acum el îşi îndeplinea o obligaţie de serviciu.

Înţelegeţi, fără nici o însuşire. Fără chelie, fără să pară bun sau rău, fără însuşirea de a nu avea o însuşire. Se gândea la mine cu lama.

FOLCLOR

(Romania)

Foaie verde talpa gâştii
Merg cătanele pe ştrec,
Îmbrăcate-n pielea goală
Şi cu mâinile în jeb.

(Poezie populară din Ardeal)

ANDREI DORIAN GHEORGHE
(Romania)

Lunar and Solar Eclipses

It is so touching
to see total eclipses!

At a lunar eclipse,
it is normal that the Earth,
a bigger body,
Shades the Moon.

But a solar eclipse,
it is a paradox that the Moon,
a smaller body,
Shades the Sun.

Every place in space
gives birth to
a different vision.

The diamond ring of a solar eclipse -
the most beautiful
sky paradoxist child.

VICTOR MARTIN
(Romania)

CÎNTEC DE BĂTUT ROBOTUL

Pentru a ieftini benzina
vom scumpi apa;
pe cea caldă o vom lăsa aşa: rece.
Vom introduce bunul simţ
prin lege,
îl vom păzi cu armata şi,
delatori ai timpului,
vom călări pe multe cărţi publicate
pe hîrtie mai scumpă decît poezia
minţindu-ne că pacea
tîrîie după ea premiul pentru pace.
Hoţul de cumpărător vrea prea mult
spunînd că munca nu poate supravieţui fără el.
Minuni peste noapte nu vor fi,
dar se deschid expoziţii
de minuni făcute peste zi.
Opoziţia iubeşte puterea, scriu ziarele,
şi cîmpurile rămîn neînsămînţate.
Neînsămînţate, de cine?!
În Europa vom aluneca într-o zi,
vor trece ani;
căzută pe jos,
cea mai bună făină se face gunoi.
Ironia scurtează coada la lapte,
nu bogăţia noastră de idei,
iar femeia e exploatată
cu bucăţi din ce în ce mai mici; de zahăr.
Şi se gestionează munca de la om la om;
dacă mergem departe, departe ajungem.

GHEORGHE NICULESCU
(Romania)

MAXIME MINIMALIZATE

• "Ia lucrurile aşa cum sunt", şi-a zis hoţul.

• "Omul e animalul care gândeşte", gândi un animal.

• "Măsura tuturor lucrurilor este omul" zise chefliul care întrecuse măsura.

• "Ai izbutit? - Continuă! N-ai izbutit? - Continuă!", zise atletul, şi continuă să alerge, deşi ajunsese la capătul cursei.

• "Toate curentele sociale generoase pornesc de la ştiinţă, literatură, învăţătură, numai curentul electric porneşte de la hidrocentrală", constată electricianul.

• "A trăi înseamnă a fi angajat", îşi aminti sinucigaşul, rupând fişa de angajare.

• Un barman către comisia de control care-l acuză de falsificarea băuturilor alcoolice: "Urâţi-mă, dar nu mă suspectaţi".

• "Eu sunt câte puţin din tot ce se întâmplă", îşi zise papagalul poliglot.

• "Şi totuşi, se învârte", constată el, gândindu-se la vecinul, şomer, care-şi cumpără o maşină nouă.

• "Este mult mai plăcut să dai decât să primeşti", gândi pugilistul.

• "Nu trebuie niciodată să ţi se pară ceva cu neputinţă", a exclamat o maimuţă care-şi propusese să devină om.

• "Ironia e pudoarea umanităţii", afirmă unul care se credea pudic şi astfel suportă cu resemnare ironia oricui.

• "Singura carte perfectă o scriam eu, dacă puteam", zise analfabetul.

• "Ascultă cu plăcere şi nu vorbi mult", îl povăţui soacra pe ginere.

CONSTANTIN M. POPA
(Romania)

UBU ROI

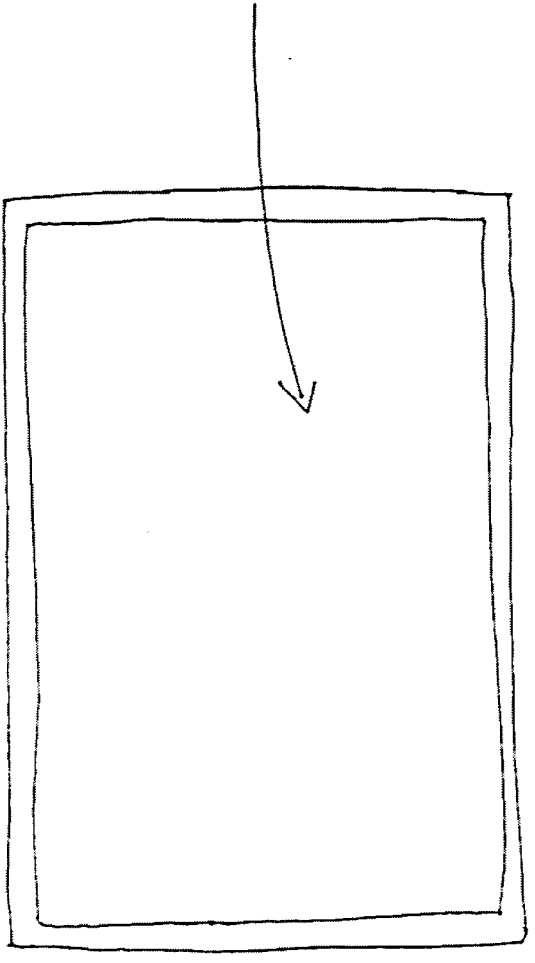
Ți-ai aromit parşivul, polobocul,
Îndestulîndu-te pe tine şi ciracii;
Zurnalele-au văzut atunci toți dracii
Făcînd un tontoROI cu mormolocul.

Ai alungat pe biata Rozamundă,
Urechile-ți ai astupat cu vata
Şi nu ştiai că carte este pata
Fizicienilor îmbrobodiți cu fundă.

Dar la sfîrşit te-a dus Blegu cu preşu
Şi te-ai ROIt cum fuge şobolanu,
Parai cu cornu c-o să vii la anu -
Din polonez tu te-ai ales cu leşu.

Spre...Țările de Jos scăpă buleandra.
Şi au zărit soioşii cum e... Fl(e)andra.

DANIEL DE CULLA
(Spain)



AUTORRETRATO

VASILE TĂRÂȚEANU
(Ukraine)

Civilizație

S-a deschis un proces
frunzelor că sunt verzi
ploii că nu cade la comandă
vântului - că-şi schimbă adeseori
direcția
ierbii - că a răzbit prin asfalt
fără de voia tractorului tăvălug
s-au făcut inculpate şi păsările cerului
li s-a interzis zborul în țările calde
din simplul motiv
că ar putea aduce soarele pe aripi
în zona bazelor militare
a marilor companii transnaționale
producătoare de foc bengal
pentru sărbătoarea Marelui Îngheț
Florilor de câmp li se confiscă averea
parfumul şi culoarea
sub pretextul că au făcut conspirație
împotriva gunoiului împachetat în
hârtie de staniol
şi a trandafirilor de plastic
plantați în locurile publice
Albinele sunt acuzate de terorism
Cu cinstea ultragiată de rugina
indiferenței
posibilii martori oculari
trec prin Valea Plângerii
Pe banca acuzaților mai sunt câteva
locuri libere
Cine le ocupă?

BARBARA BACHE-WIIG
(USA)

DIAMANTE

husband
vigorous, active
sailing, biking, skiing
weather, seasons, clothing, locations
changing, watching, playing
careful, serious
wife

sailboat
beautiful, graceful
luffing, heeling, spraying
water, seagulls, wind, waves
rowing, pulling, bumping
slow, stodgy
rowboat

knowledge
precious, important
challenging, changing, charming
minds, mentors, learners, thoughts
swerving, dancing, playing
important, precious
imagination

brain
awesome, intricate
thinking, seeing, speaking
blood, arteries, neurons, defect
pulsing, moving, blocking
strong, sad
stroke

patriotism
proud, jubilant
waving, singing, marching
loyalty, pride, ambiguity, harm
bragging, pushing, shouting
haughty, self-centered
nationalism

doctor
omniscient, skillful
caring, testing, curing
specialists, meds, nurses, accountants
hoping, puzzling, despairing
empty, infertile
patient

TODD BALAZIC
(USA)

instructions

for "from"

from "form"

turn

the "or"

(or morf

the 4)

VALORY BANISTER
(USA)

Program

Discovering
a
Shaman
Programmer
who
boils
moon Base
slow
System
said
Real
Angels
Micro
mist
and
Bad
Black
Bodies
Recall
Vision Space

JOHN M. BENNETT
(USA)

SPIRALING IN

3 ants pantsed in him like 3 last locusts on the grave what savoured him, uh, saved's dense sockings where's feet left. So they eared in him, what he hardly heardn't or halfered, danced on's lip oflight. Why'd he *he* hanker then, when the *we*... (But's slicing rocks...) His 3 clocks in 3 directions ran, like sand in's mouth or bees... So the seethe langoured (but's speed!) in him, to a licked breast in's speech!

DOUG BOLLING
(USA)

Dispersions: 11

they were there
there they were
were they there
there was nothing
Borl & Theg came along
Theg felt hunger
Theg cooked words in the kettle
until he ate them
and
they became him
nothing mattered
Borl watched Theg eat
Borl invented the idea of love
then Borl loved Theg,
a grammar of love
began there
nothing mattered
Theg hid in a forest
Theg felt a hunger
but not for Borl
Theg gathered the words
the ideas
he buried them
there was a sadness
there was nothing more to do.

DAVID BREEDEN
(USA)

PARADOXALIST MANEFESTO #34

* * *

An apple's better sweet than round;
a rattle's silent till shaken.
Lets go to the hodge-podge
outside the aisles of rhetoric.
Damn cans of consistency,
shrink-packs of logic.
Let's break the print and cellophane
with our melliflous tendrils and stones.

* * *

Ignorance of the tradition
is ignorance.
Following the tradition
is following.
Knowing the tradition
and working against it
is the tradition.

* * *

Dead's consistant;
alive's to blame.
Take foolish, hermetic,
trivial for a trip.
Dead's consistant;
take trivial, hermetic.

DIANE E. BUCCHERI
(USA)

That Incurable Illness

Wallowing
Swallowing

Sniffling,
Dribbling

Watering,
Blearying

Miserable,
Miserable

Miserably hot
from winter's head cold

Life

to
    DanceFlyPlaySkipHopSlideStretchLeap;
    RollJibeCrawlShakeRunScratchBrushSweep,
    ThinkSmileSingLaughFrownRoarWinkWeep;
    ExplodeJingleShiverWriggle;
    CowerWhisperWrinkleGiggle;
is
    goodbadgladsad
life!

Winter Storm

Swiftly swirling snowflakes
Whizzing whirling wind
Densely darkening clouds
Arctic angular air
Layored lazor ice
Hissing hurling hail

DARREN BURCH
(USA)

Untitled 1:

not always was it what it was
it just never wasn't what it wasn't
except when it was what it wasn't
wasn't that really what it was
or was it always what it wasn't?
what was the thing I speak of?
first off, what wasn't it?
what is wasn't gives us clues as to what it was
what it was when it wasn't
is really what it was
so when it wasn't, it was
except when it really wasn't
in which case it actually was
but what it was when it wasn't
wasn't what it was
so it never was and it never wasn't
it was the wasn't and wasn't the was
it was what it wasn't,
in which case it never was and never wasn't
but was it wasn't, or wasn't is was
so wasn't it always what is was?

JUSTIN ISRAEL CAIN
(USA)

anew modern novel

Frickin'
fixin'
fiction
friction.

Ends in
either
ether
engine
or
past
present
tension.

Begin
beguile
smile.

Meaning
know
meaning.

Sealing
ceiling.

See woof
sailing?

Colon
comma
common
coma.

C'mon!

Bee a be.
Be a wolf.

LORI L. CASKEY
(USA)

gRUFF rUFF

oh rUFF
So gRUFF How
gRUFF is the
rUFF 2 lefts
and a right
2 rights and
a left
how gRUFF is that
rUFF
rUFF
rUFF
gRRRRRRRRR

ALLAN CATLIN
(USA)

antibody

Negative as opposite poles, a magnetic force that exceeds the limit of perception, the forced hot air that clings inside a veined wrist, slit at the heart where blood leaks inside core reactors, hissing where the liquids touch the mass.

antiphonal

Jumbled as chorus of affected voices, the tumescent, clouding of storms, the havocking reek of festered swamps, that place inside reason where thought goes to hibernate, reclusive as memory and barbarous as the unspoken words.

dis(possessed)

Calcified as concrete mix leaking through viscous ceiling caves, formative moldings shadows grow in disentropic, seeking the life force latent within the dark.

KENT CLAIR CHAMBERLAIN
(USA)

PUBLIKE DOMAINE

SUNRISE

From
Out of darkness;
There shall be light, there
Shall
Be LIGHT:

- 0 -
#

TWednesdayzenz, DJANJULZENZ January 13, 1993

CANTO IN JANUARY

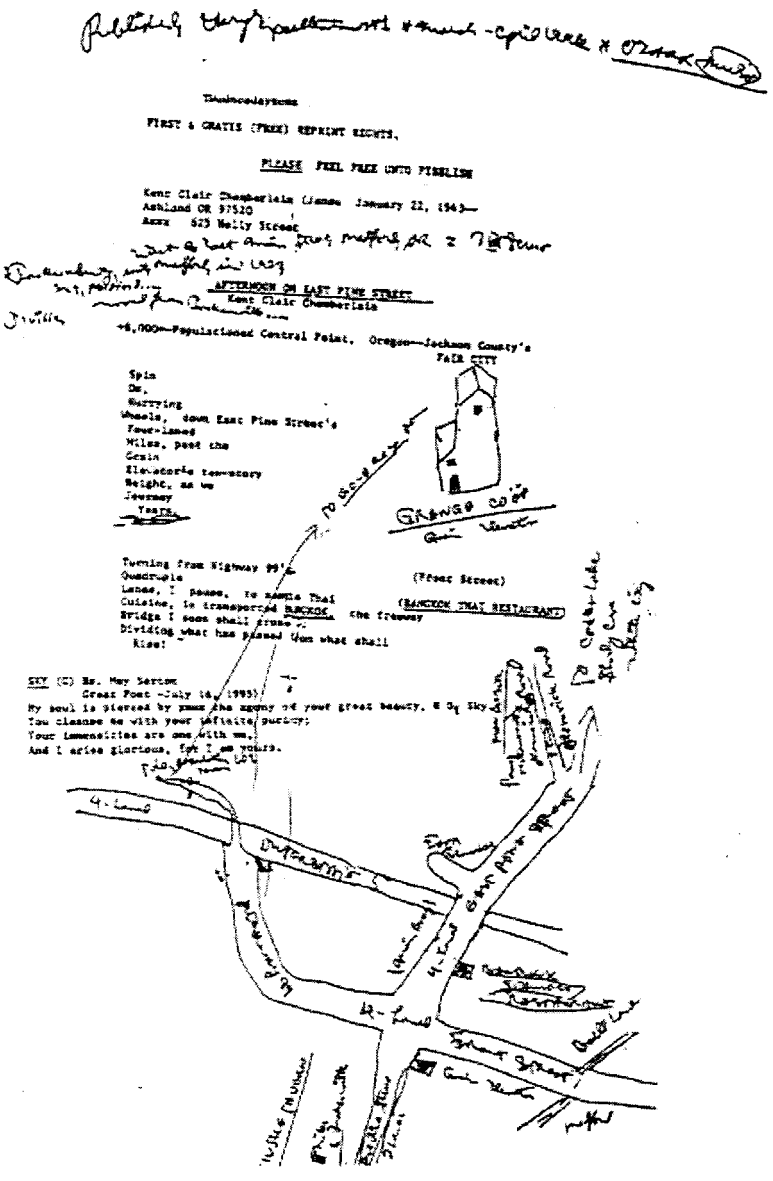
Give
Us this
Light on Earth,
DEAR
HEART, this
Hour of
Waking.

GOD, LOVE

Give us this
Day on
Earth, this
Time of
Breaking.

regretful aging process

- 0 -
#


FIRST & GRATIS (FREE) REPRINT RIGHTS.
PLEASE FEEL FREE UNTO PUBLISH
Kent Clair Chamberlain (James January 22, 1943)—
Ashland OR 97520
Annx 625 Wally Street
AFTERNOON ON EAST PINE STREET
Kent Clair Chamberlain
+6,000—Populationed Central Point, Oregon—Jackson County's
FAIR CITY
Spin
Dr.
Hurrying
Wheels, down East Pine Street's
Four-laned
Miles, past the
Grain
Elevatorls tow-story
Weighs, as we
Journey
Yours.
Turning from Highway 99's
Quadruple
Lanes, I pause, to sample Thai
Cuisine, in transported BANGKOK the freeway
Bridge I soon shall cross
Dividing what has passed from what shall
Rise!
(Front Street)
(BANGKOK THAI RESTAURANT)
SKY (C) Mr. Mary Sexton
Great Pont -July 16, 1995)
My soul is pierced by your the agony of your great beauty. © Sky
You cleanse me with your infinite purity;
Your immensities are one with me,
And I arise glorious, for I am yours.

C.L. CHAMPION
(USA)

PENCICTS- The neurotic behaviour of chewing pencils.

CURLIPHOBIA- The fear of being seen in the grocery stores with curlers in the hair. Most common among housewives.

YOUBELPUBPHOBIA- The fear a parent has of their child burping in public.

FABAPHOBIA- The fear of eating beans, in suspicion that it will make one fart.

SUITCOLKA- The paint that dries on clothing after painting a house.

GREASEBANDED- The hair grease which exist around the interior band of a hat.

QUADOUCH- THE swell on a head caused by a hardhit golfball.

YELLOW PAGES GRAFFiTI- The graffiti on the cover of the Yellow Pages.

SCIFF- The dust that covers the screen of millions of household televisions.

CANNIBALISTIC LITERARIANS- PEople who read way too much, then on top of that, are not satisfied with farm animal meat, and consuming human meat.

SHOOPING- When a person is in a shoe store, takes off their worn shoes and then put on another pair of shoes, and after doing so they leave their old pair of shoes behind and exit the store.

WASHDOLLAR- A dollar bill that has been trough the rinse cycle one too many times.

INK-ELBOW- The ink that transfers onto an elbow after reading the newspaper.

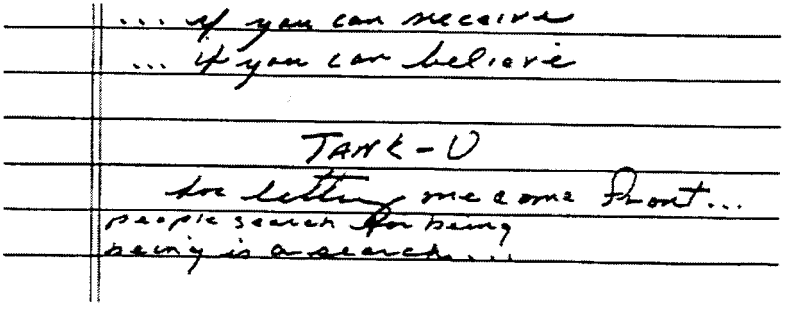
he tried to concentrate primarily on his driving, trying his damnest not to run off the road and roll the car into a ditch alongside. 'Please, Please do it for Sheila, you have gotta' find her, he convinced hiiseld. Muttering. His energy was at a high. Hiadrenneli e pumped. eeexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx x
jjjxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxx

trying jjjjjjjxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
fred was a happy camper boy o'boy was fred ever happy hohappy he was, dns, n, an, dndnd

NANCY L. DAHL
(USA)

Non - sense - makes sense

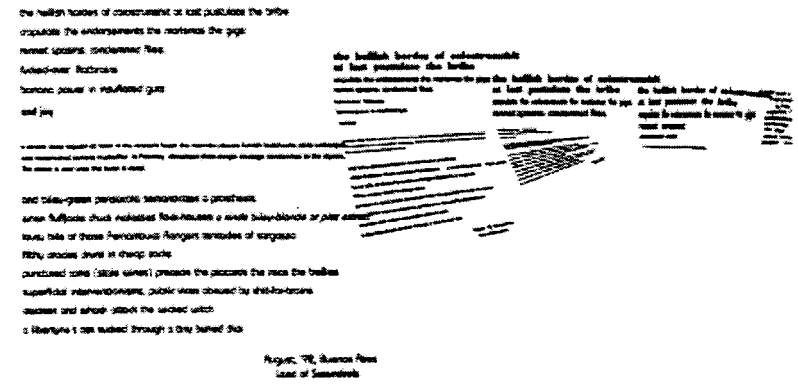
Fair is fair
...if an honest person knows the word.
Reel is Real... Sometimes you have to do something wrong
... to make it right...
the blind sometimes see...
better than the sighted...
...
Live only for today but remember... the Boy Scout Rule...
you may find happiness
when you find you have enough...
and health is enough...
...makes sense...



FABIO DOCTOROVICH

(USA)

(translation by JOHN M. BENNETT)



GRAHAM DUNCAN
(USA)

humpty gumpty

jump n rump n bump
tump n slump n dump
sump n lump n grump
mump n hump n pump
gumption

RANDALL S. FORSYT
(USA)

RICHARD GEYER
(USA)

Clean[1]

the clean way to kill dirty rats and mice.

cleans as it lubricates.

cleans the oil that cleans the motor.

cleans as it fizzes.

cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.

leaves that clean taste in your mouth.

---

[1] Each line in these poems is a "sample" of an actual advertising slogan, which I can document. I have fitted these samples together in a particular way to make the poem. The poem attempt, to convey the poison of all these corporate lies.

JOSHUA M. GINSBERG
(USA)

Wrong way

.semitamoS
tnaw I
evird ot
no rac vm
anorw eht
eht fo edis
.daor
fo troS
ot eanarts
edisni kool
ot naht rehtar
ta kool .
? ti t'nsi
ees ot eciN
eht morf
fo edis rehtc
.rorrim eht
tcepxe t'nod I
esnes ekam ot ti
.uov ot
ni tub
.dne eht
it works out
just fine
for me.

JOHN GREY
(USA)

THE SEARCH IS ON

(st(to(str(hou(ro(clot(yo(me)u)hing)om)se)eet)wn)ate)

McARTHUR GUNTER
(USA)

GLOBAL BLUES: A POST-COLUMBUS DISSERTATION ON THE EARTH MOTHER: AN EXPERIMENTAL POEM

Cities sometimes
Appear or Disappear
Like they've been sprayed by a
Pesticide, or a homicidal spray upon a
Patient of an infection by an
Industrial Virus: the sun a blurred object or maybe glaucoma!:
Sulfur dioxide moon:
TEATA *wails "Fly Me To The Moon" by a windmill on Jermyn Street.*
Maced trees.
Like the product of a chemical or
Germ warfare by alien beings. Oxigen masks: breathing propaned:
Poisoned pedals: flouride fly ash:
Wovoka prays daily and does the Ghost Dance near Walker Lake.

Tatanka Yotanka faints on the banks of the little Bighorn River.

Smogged stars:
Woguini dives headlong off the top of Noahvose.

Tashunka Witco retreats, becomes a hermit in Paha Sapa, and dreams.

Automobiles smoking more than cigarettes:

Goyathlay shouts a war cry by the southern headwaters of the Gila River.

X-ray or Mercury fish:

Wolf curses and swears along the Humbolt River!

Agent orange fertilization:

Son Of Light calls for a council with Spider Woman and Mole in a Kiva.

Acid Rain:

Shalako frowns on top of Thunder Mountain.

Decimated 0z0nes:

Sutaio screams by the Washita River!

A Ph. D. in PCB and PBB magna cum laude!

Tsali cakes himself with red earth paint in the Smoky Mountains.

Factories fuming, eyes likened to wild cherries!

Smoholla boldly preaches the "Dreamer Cult" in Wallowa Valley.

Noses Twitching. Dustbowl three-piece suit.

Spent-fuel rod tour:

Child Of The Waters grotesquely cringes along Canyon de Chelly.

Ears blasted.

St. Lawrence and Chalk Rivers resembling

Coniine or FOUL breakfast

Dishwater which hasn't been drained.

Hiawatha rapidly ages like Methuselah in the Longhouse.

MAC HESTER
(USA)

a shoal	alohas
isle	leis
sail	isla
ship	hips
shore	horse
Pisces	spices
strait	traits
bung hole	hung lobe
stars charts	starch arts
topos	stoop
latitude	altitude
stern	terns
yaw	way
leeward	draw eel
moor	room
yard	dray
yardarm	ram dray
lanyard	any lard
keel	leek
last	salt
rope	pore
ripe	pier
port	trop
team	mate
sword	words
hawser	washer
spar	pars
mast	tams
reef	free
shark	harks
rood	door
sprit	trips
spirit	is trip
a sprite	pirates
sprite	esprit
esprit de corps	d'esprit corpse
a shoal	alohas

JANNETT HIGHFILL
(USA)

SILENCE

Eve: I am very frightened of snakes in the garden.
Adam: I am very frightened.
Eve: I am very.
God: I am.
Adam: I.

ERIC MACHAN HOWD
(USA)

2. **Theorem**

$$\frac{\underline{\text{Daedalus (Father + wings)}}}{\text{Grandfather}^2} + \frac{\underline{\text{Icarus (Son + wings)}}}{\text{Grandfather}^2}}{\text{Sky}^{\text{sun}}}$$

$$=$$

$$\text{Love} > \text{Sun} + \text{Death} > \text{Love}$$

$$\Gamma^{\text{feathers}}$$

P. HUGHES
(USA)

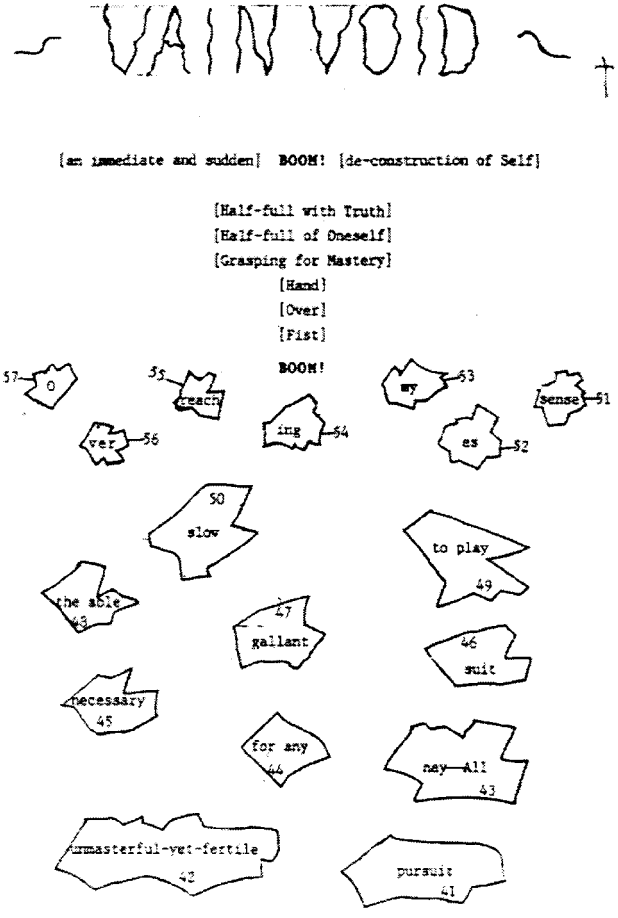
WELCOME TO OUR OFFICE

Miss, behave yourself and sit
where dozens of like fortune fit:
- applied,
- employed,
- conducting lives,
- spent,
- typed,
- trusting, still,
- chief, forget,
- sing out, all!
Just sit.

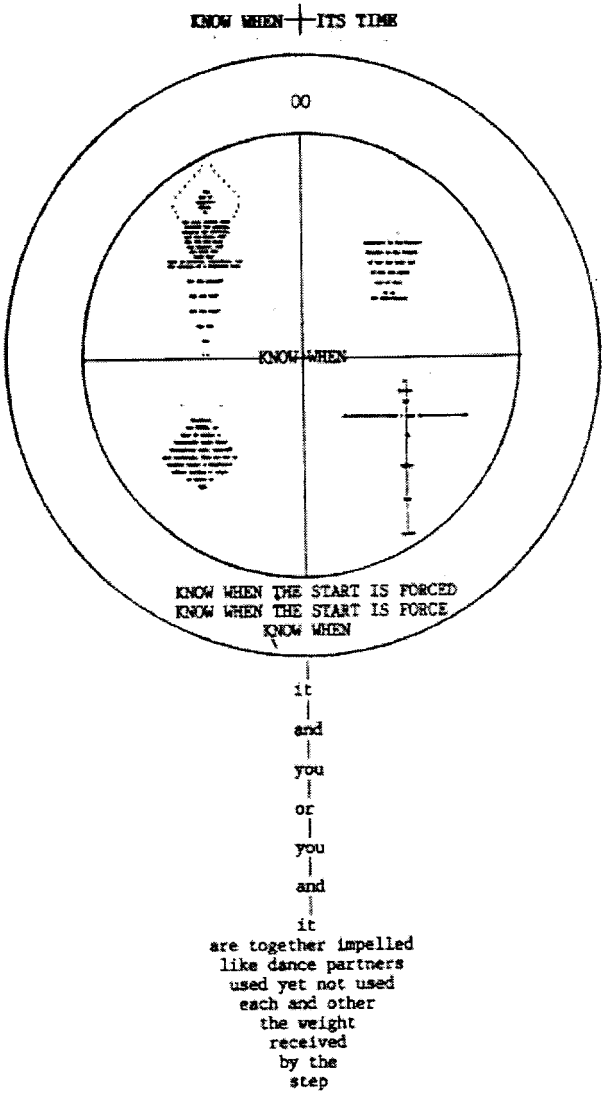
Understand mis!

PETER JAMISON

(USA)



The essential ground of play and possibility is time... itself... the purist context for growth and renewal. Time: the boundless bound... The Between... from which... in which... Being springs eternal.



PAUL JENACK
(USA)

ash (-es)

(br-)

(fl-)

(sp-)

(c-)

(d-)

(cl-)

(b-)

(cr-)

(sm-)

(tr-)

(-es)

(-es)

.

.

DENNIS KANN
(USA)

The Perversity of Inanimate Objects

Nothing works
Nothing lasts
Everything breaks down
Everything an aggravation
Everything made in Taiwan
12:00 (Frustration) 12:00
(Pain), 12:00 (Blink)

M. KETTNER
(U.S.A.)

JEAN KUSINA
(USA)

Fork Censorship!
Thi s
issome thin g
you ca
n re adto
youk id s
Eat your heart out

KAREN JULIG LAVEN
(USA)

"D" isms

Decadence; dastardly
deeds, dissension,
diabolical doldrums
demonstrate diversity,
doughnuts, diaper
derby's detension draws
drunken drowsy drudge's, de-
ranged, devious deviltry devours
determined dialectic doodle,
devout deviant's demolish
Demosthenes descriptions,
demulcent denizen's denounce
deprivation. Depraved, deluded,
delighted, d-d-d-delirious...

PETE LEE
(USA)

On My Refuzal to Provide a 17-Syllable "Haiku/Bio" to VOL. NO MAGAZINE, for Inclusion with a Poem of Mine Which appeared Therein

get in

say it

get out

LYN LIFSHIN
(USA)

MADONNA WHO IS RUBBED RAW BY BEING TOLD SHE RUB A DUB DUBS MORE THAN ANY OUGHT TO

knows her

friction addiction

is a fiction

DAVID L. LIPTON
(USA)

PASSION, VALOR, AND PRIDE

an arf, a fan,
ran far, ("far-ran").

ran far, rank far,
a kar, a kaan.

a zak, rank raff,
raz frank, a zar.

raz far, ray nar,
na kaar, na zar.

fran kaar, frank far,
frank na ran nar.

fran kra, fran fraz,
frank na ran nar.

a kaak, a rak,
fran kraf far frank.

far fran, far fran,
zar frank na frank.

zar frank na frank
far kaa, na rank.

raf zak kaan frank,
ran far far kaa.

zak raks frankz kar,
zak far raff kaa.

frank arf, frank ran,
raff zak az kaa.

frank nar, fran fan,
fran na kraf frank.

DUANE LOCKE
(USA)

Let me be remade by mistakes
crave
disobedience and disloyalty
by the arrivals of uncertainty
sprout from between grasses on oak branches
Let me [illegible] like the stars

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EMERSON AND CARLYE, letter 3

Come o me
Come from a dead star
like th
coast
like I
come
from the death of what was once
tender and to hide
what closed its eyes and trembled
what was solemn and afraid
Come

I do not want to hear what is called wisdom
thy dread of man or thy willed close hostility
I do not want to pretend I know what I see in mirrors
I am tired of living in a dull land
among the nests of hungry cousins

I am not
one who are afraid of the signboards tongues
[illegible] under the bl[illegible]
[illegible]

blue
you
hue
dew
due
blue
blew
few
mew
slew two
two
two slew
two
slew

you and you me and me you and you me

LAURA JOY LUSTIG
(USA)

what, in X a "lusting" poem will be summarized to but will be wrong if discussed at all

COCK.

&

most

X'z

sucking

it.

JOANNE BARRIE LYNN
(USA)

In Celebration of the First Surreptitious Coupling of Pete Knaiger & Mona Knox

KNOX

KNOCKS

KNAIGER'S

KNACKERS.

KNAIGER'S

KNACKERS

KNOCK

KNOX.

KNAUGHTY!

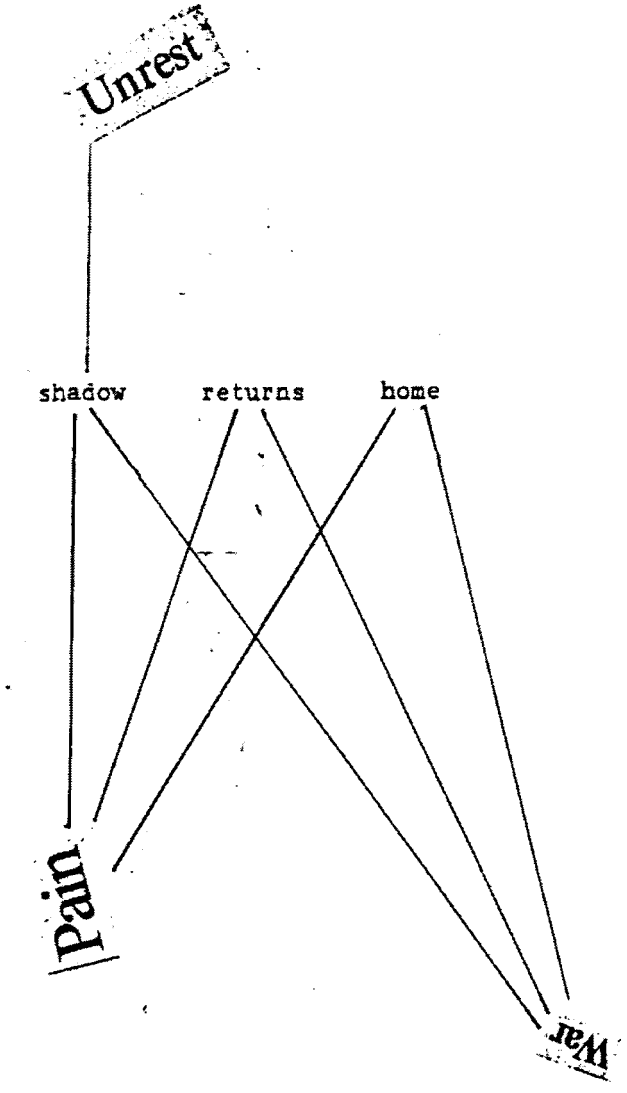
KNAUGHTY!

ROBERT L. MAYNE
(USA)

A.M.O.A.

We are writing you this in strict confidence, and hope you will honor the vulnerability of our situation if you were to decide to disclose this anyone. We'll get right to it by telling you our membership card, which is printed: Affiliated Moderates Of America really stands for Affiliated Mediocrities Of America. Our secret handshake is the regular, confident one followed quickly by three light pats on the right shoulder, as though it were an afterthought. The purpose of A.M.O.A. - and this you'll appreciate soon - is to forgot the pretense that we are something special, that we have some talent or skill which thousands (or millions) of other common, ordinary human beings do not have. We are, in fact, mediocrities. And in our meetings all false facade, and disguise, dissipates. We let go. We relax. We blessedly become what we really are: ordinary folks. For a few precious hours each month we are free of the tension of pretending to be that which, clearly, we are not. This has a restorative quality that A.M.O.A. gives to people like you, and people like us. You may find it surprising how many professionals persons are longstanding members of A.M.O.A. - doctors, lawyers, college professors and such. And all of us tell the same sad story in one manner or another; how we were pressured by status, or necessity; into becoming *a someone*! You know, maybe two hundred years ago some of us might have become swashbuckling son-of-guns! But now, in this world, we have to do what we have to do. So we keep up a front; we send our children to the best schools; we socialize with the right crowd... but here is the difference: we are always honest with ourselves at A.M.O.A. We know we are ordinary, simple people. We know we are mediocrities. And it is this very knowledge that gives us the inner contentment we wouldn't exchange for all the tea in China. Yes, again we repeat we are happy as plain mediocrities, and we hope Bill, that you will join us in our worm camaraderie; because, Bill, you know, we know, who you are... you are (and there is no greater compliment) like the sun's sunshine shining on a common, ordinary day! Bill, please do not be disturbed by a soon-to-be slow crumbling of this letter and envelope into common, ordinary household dust. We only do this for your protection. And another thing, Bill - if you should decide **not** to join us at A.M.O.A... how could a simple persons like ourselves know for sure whether the same fate of shame and embarrassement suffered by poor ol' Jim Thomson - the ruin of his Dental Practice, it drove him out of town with his head hung low, and his tail between his legs - might not happen to somebody else? We'll see you, Bill, this coming Monday, 7:00 P.M., sharp.

MCMURTAGH
(USA)



E.A. MILLAR
(USA)

No Smoking & Light A Fire

hi noon at the wall such a nice day to watch silly springfield balance donuts for kicks along for the ride/cher walks into a diner at 3 am in mourning orders green eggs & ham &watches for sonny bono who will enter from the ceiling slinging tomato breath for children of all ages along the way he bumps into santa clause at a peep show "on my way to santa fe" "let me help you with your shoes" "there's nothing in rabbit's feet, it's only a grave miscalculation" and off he goes with a wealthy school girl to commit incest somewhere between pancake heaven and the empire state building/the little boy selling flowerrrs to portable nuns on ninth street he takes his clothes off for a new car showing them that all things are equal when you happen to work at a gas station sometimes they don't notice but oftentimes they notice they don't notice that you're noticing them notice-all well at least there's water in the shoehorn percy mayfield refilled it yesterday on an emergency boat rendezvous he's been good to me at times but there have been weeks when he forgot he was supposed to come and I had to electrocute the tractor before mother got home "boy if she caught you!" "hey you're the one who's late buddy"/in order to get to the downtown station we had to fight through the many layers of daylight peeling our way through empty bananas/still waiting for a guitar from garcia lorca t.s. eliot hands down a moon pie with fish fillet icing to a blind girl from jersey said she's been there but never been nowhere special except on holidays when her grandmother whacks her little brother with spaghetti newspapers to find out what's going on in the world/president clinton "aw hell he's innocent man let the man go before he grieves his way to stardom" I could see this things on a miniseries sometime only with shakes beer playing himself he does it so well you know nobody does it better "so cher" "she does doesen't she" sometimes when I'm alone I like to think I'm nobody special but when I wake up I still have to pay a cover to be admitted into my own birthday/even my graduation was free

she you next week. hope everything's kosher by then
if you see sonny tell him its o.k. to cry I did it once and I didn't die
till the next weekend when someone spotted me on the train.
just let him know spelling is optional, o.k.? we aren't 2 or 3 or 4
here only 5 or 6 or 7 for matter occasionally 8. Its been
real/don't work too hard it makes you look dull.

hermitologically yours,
the great mambo

BILL MORRISON
(USA)

TUNING IN

aREAL
ARIELE
AE
AIRAL
ARIEL
AREILE
ANTENNA

JONATHAN A. NEIHARDT
(USA)

00:01:41
02
COVERPAGE
OK
STANDARD
ECM

INSULT

Glitchy bitch fudgey failure

Mr. mistess

bug buzzzzzzzz

Booger-snot pussy foot

greasey grimer

bug buzzzzzzzz

Hairy scarey fairy mofo

creepy critter

bug *splat*!

JASON NEVIUS
(USA)

CAZMIK TIK-TAK

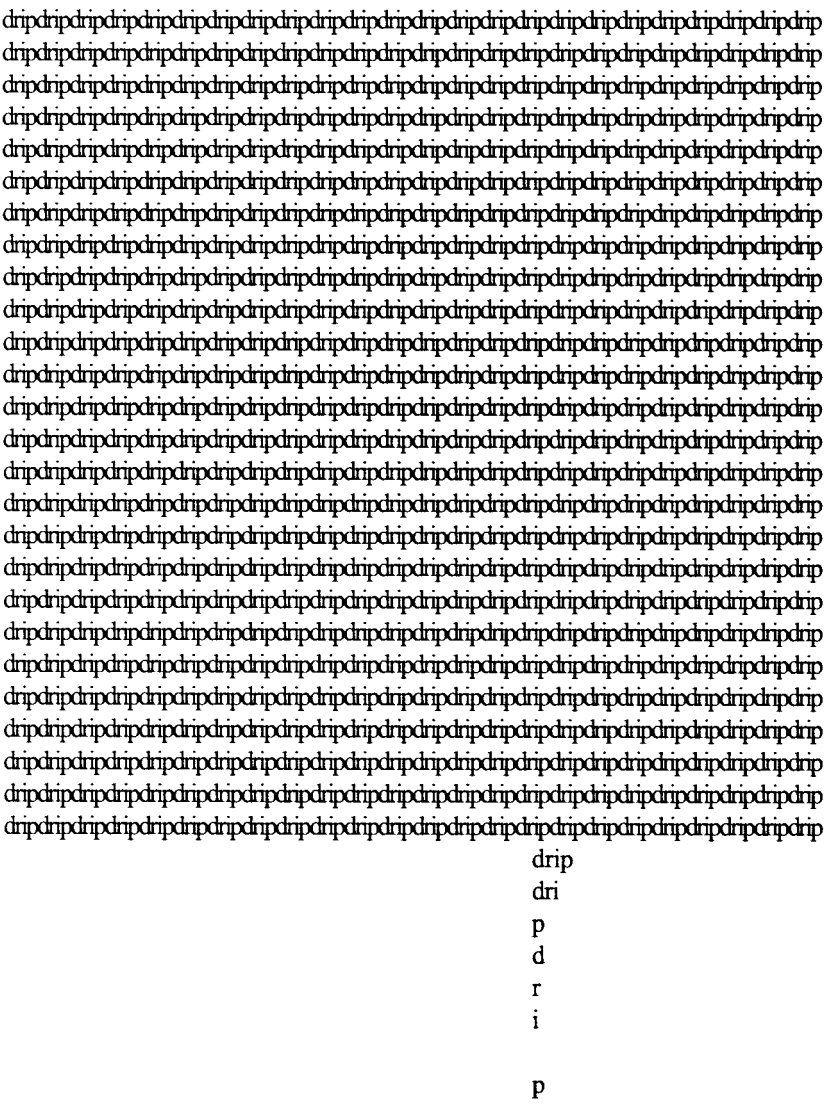
cazmik tik-tak
blreeled unto the
kwark awstrysized
unventfully stoopaw
bung sled to the dwarf
unscaled my boanz
ukflayfor crewkutt blass
foartyfry sewpnukewler
tym port skyndly pood
nut caymfer hullykobs

NORMAN J. OLSON
(USA)

Ratbat Numbers

ratbat is on the mat and in the salty morisnat
I limb the salty blandishments and web the fulker full of
mist. Ohbanderish the gellybeenenenenenenen-
en
en
enen
77777numbers stand in t he numbernumb night and 9999999
is wrong one right srit e898 989898989---000
00000-555-5my mumber is my numbermy mumber is my number
my mumber is my numbermy mumber is
my numbermy mumber is my number
my mumber is my numbereee ouble ouble ouble
ratbat is on the mat and in the salty morisnatratbat is on the mat
and i
n
the salty morisnat! 777 77 77 7358901 6666545 9098321

4:00 aM by the diGiTal



AAROB B. POLECK
(USA)

Dear "Paradoxism" journal and Paradoxism Association,

Finding inovative, original works is an arduous task for a member of our culture. People are presented with what others think they should like. Friday night'd executives are making sure people are "Happy meal'd" without straws and stay closed minded; they feel that people are shallow and that they do not want to think for themselves. People obviously do have the capacity to think for themselves and cultivate and keep an open mind, but in order to do this they need to be presented with ideas and works from outside the mainstream and controlling empires. When I finished this book[1], certain mainstream publishers declined to publish it, many said that people would not want to read it because "people don't want to think for themselves". I then heard about your smashing press and the respect and vision you have to new literature. I am thoroughly convinced that this is a press that doesn't cater to puting out generic, predictable books. I am very interested in your press and the quality work it aims to put out. I could hardly care about money in regards to literature and other arts.

[1] "Draped Exit", .IIIII approach press, Yorklyn, Delaware, USA, 1999.

PATRICIA RANZONI
(USA)

Apartheid

1. ***å pärt' hat***
a part hate

2. ***å pärt' hit***
apart hide

apart he, I
apart ID.
apart die
a trap! hie!
a heart died

Ah, partied?

J. M. REEP
(USA)

Ars Poetica Americana

Make a list of all the rules of poetry
And then break every rule

The list rules poetry
Break the list
Then make the rules

Break the list
Break all the rules of poetry
Then make the list
Make all the rules of poetry

Make a list of every rule
And then make poetry of every rule

Break the list
Break all the rules
And rule poetry

Make a list of every break of the rules
And then make poetry

A Habit

I can change

The shame
Will make my heart all right
All my shame

I can change

All right
My heart will make it all
Make it right

I can change

My all
Make my heart shame the will
Shame it all

I can change

My will
Make my heart will make the shame
Make my will

I can change

MIRELA ROZNOVEANU
(USA)

Scrisoare către Mama
Letter to my Mother
Lettre à ma Mére

O, Mamă, mă simt copleşit de dor
et j'éspère que tu ne m'aime plus encore
more than you did before the time I was forced
to be born

O, Mamă, mă simt tulburat, sunt doar tânăr.
since I have though of you as a killer
of my best brothers and sisters
qui ont été forcé de fuir ou ont été détruit sans
résistance.

O, Mamă, mă-ntrebi de ce-am plecat?
Parce que tu m'avait condamné à ce départ
feeding me with the milk of hatred, plotiing to
be robbed of life's happiness falling apart

O, Mamă, va trebui oare să înţeleg cât voi trăi
votre frivole douceur qui avait accepté
le Diable Rouge et puis, growing fear,
exiling liberty,
embraced the trashmen and the loss of dignity?

O, Mamă, de-ai şti ce mult aş vrea să pot vorbi
cu tine,
mais le sacre respect pour ma langue
m'empèche d'exprimer
freely my thoughts about hate and disgrace.
O, loving, mother, pays adoré!

DAVID RULLO
(USA)

sight unseen

Splot
Splot
Splot
Droop Droop Droop
Ever present
Rw Rw Rw Rw Rw
Creak
Crack
Slam
Splot
Splot
Splot
Ssh Ssh Ssh Ssh
Ssh Ssh Ssh Ssh
Vrrrrrrrrrr-o-o-m
Leaves alone
answer god's call
whispering
Splot
Splot
Splot
Droop Droop Droop
Ever present
Rw Rw Rw Rw Rw
Creak
Crack
Slam
Splot
Splot
Splot
Ssh Ssh Ssh Ssh
Ssh Ssh Ssh Ssh
Vrrrrrrrrrr-o-o-m
Plt
Plt
Plt
Hawhooo
Really
what does it mean
Alone,
on a porch
weighing eternal
questions
Answering no one

DONNA A. RYAN
(USA)

Poem

Do?

Don't do as I do -
Do as I say -
Just don't do it -
Do it!
It's not up to you
. . . to do as I say
- Don't do it -

*****

Downs and Ups

Angels, hell's belles

keep down

up fall

happy - frown and bear it!

sad - smile and bear it!

Goodbye, not . . . so long . . . ago.

JOHN SEVIGNY
(USA)

(untitled)

Socket-Eye he jest set.
Socket-Eye he jest set.
Rubber Hose Badge hollered,
Hogs sang,
Socket-Eye he jest set.
Legs that dance when um
Noose, makes um swing.
Make 'im sing, Boys!
Make him sing!

JACK SHADOIAN
(USA)

RANDOM ATOMS

+[

%%0%

[ ]

V ?

XK 3 fh+i u

! ;

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&&

- - -

lklp+++ [redacted]

10+

7/ / 7 / 7/

EUSEBIE SIENBERG
(USA)

Dear Dr. Smarandache:

Around early spring of '99 I was doing some research on the internet at a friends house in Maryland. During a break I was in the literature section, and was trying to find some information on any paradoxist literature, presses, pamphlets, recent movements, etc. I came across your name and movement, which in-turn led to discovering your site, and revealed an entirely new yet somehow instinctive arena of which I have subconsciously been a part of within my writing for sometime now.

I read through your pages with conviction, and began a progression in literature that I previously thought was impossible, residing in a small town on the shores of Maryland, where the only literature available was in every way mainstream and non 'instinctive, non 'fertile, and in immediate need of the revolutionary forms of poetry you speak of.

MICHAEL JAMES SIERS
(USA)

"MATH"

- Times, X

Devide \

Square,

Round, Fifty-nine to the ?is =?

Plus, +

Equals, =

Add, Two + Two

Subtract. -

-Equations E=mc {Square}

Problems, 42\32 will equal to?

Sums, Three and Three make **SIX**

Totals, %

Figures, It will rise to a sum of many.

Mesures, 2" by 11"

Answers. X=5.

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE
(USA)

IGNORANT OF THE CAUSE

(play in one impossible act)

The Characters:

The Professor X (elderly)
Teaching Assistant A (Young)
Teaching Assistant B (Young)
The Voice of Destiny (Ageless)

Scenery:
A room with two doors: one on the left, the other on the right. The latter holding a notice that reads: "The Salon of Destiny". In the back, slightly towards the right, in a terrace. Professor X is sitting at his desk, drawn in treaties. Spectacle sit on the tip of his nose.
Enter Assistant A.

Assis. A: Professor X, you're expected at the conference!
Prof. X: (Mumbling) What conference?
Assis. A: About inner points operations.
Prof. X: (Puzzled) Inner points operations...?
Assis. A: Your famous work. "Axioms: Rules about inner points operations", published last year in the gazette.
Prof. X: I don't understand. What gazette?
Assis. A: The wall gazette, "Mathematicus".
Prof. X: I haven't heard of a gazette by that name. I'm a physician.
Assis. A: But you've been working on it for ten years. You're the Editor in Chief.
Prof. X: I think there's been some confusion.
Assis. A: Aren't you Professor X?
Prof. X: Well, yes, I am.
Assis. A: Well, then?
Prof. X: I have never in my life been Editor of Journals.
Assis. A: Them, Sport Editor.
Prof. X: I don't recall it.

The mailman rings the bell and brings the Professor a letter. The assistant reads it enthusiastically.

Assis. A: "Dear Professor. I have the pleasure of informing you that your work 'Axioms: Rules About Inner Points Operations' has been approved by our censorship staff.
Prof. X: (Frowns in puzzlement)
Assis. A: Can you belive how modest a scientist of his fame can be? Although the importance of his discoveries is overwhelming, the professor considers it as nothing.
Prof. X: I have nothing to say. I don't know what it is about -

Assis. A: Sensational! What he wants to say is that he fears his work was nothing, but his research is only the beginning.
Prof. X: I tell you, I genuinely know nothing!
Assis. A: Certanly no one can say they know something when this something is particularly complex. You can't cover it's entirely in one breath. Every second a new discovery is being made! Therefore, you cannot have complete knowledge. While you acknowledge one thing, another is being published. lately, I have received, from the editorial office, lots of materials, and it falls to me the pleasant task of deciphering 15% of the work. Your paper is ingenious and open. Therefore, it may suit the taste of our readers. All goes under your review.
Prof. X: So, then I've written these Axioms? Rules?
Assis. A: Surely, I was by your side.
Prof. X: (More confused)

(Entering Teaching Assistant B)

Assis. B: The audience is waiting for us! C'mon professor!
Assis. A: Let's go.

(Both assistant take the professor by the arms and lead towars the terrace. From outside, the noise of the conference can be heard. The three characters stands with their backs to the audience.)

Assis. B: (Addressing invisible crowd) Professor X will now talk about the importance of his Axioms. Let's let him speak!
Assis. A: (To Assis. B) What exhausting work. The professor doesn't talk enough about those prints until he calculates the matter completely.
Assis. B: He is showing a tremendous amount of zeal.
Professor X: I haven't worked in the least for this paper.
Assis. A: (To the crowd) Unbelievable! Totally effortless, he creates a work of genius!
Prof. X: And it is of no interest to me!
Assis. B: Of course, if a minimum amount of work is sufficient to finish it!

(Both assistants bow in front of the crowd. The three then face the audience. A delivery man brings the newspaper in.)

Assis. A: (Reading the newspaper) Professor! Your scientific conference has been published on the first page!
Assis. B: (Takes the newspaper) Let me see! Another accomplishment you cannot acknowledge, due to the others.
Prof. X: I don't even know what Axioms are -
Assis. B: Indeed, the term has such meaning and is that it cannot be trapped in the pair of tongs of a definition.
Assis. A: Professor X has so deeply studied this term that in the end he's gone beyond the boundaries of just one word.
Prof. X: My skill is entirely different.
Assis. B: About professor's encyclopedia culture, we shall talk on another occasion.
Prof. X: And namely about non-special forces -

Assis. A: It is difficult to state in these days you are specialist in a simple field. Only an imposter may say it.
Assis. B: The points the professors was talking about were interior, you have heard!
Prof. X: So they might be, but I must commit myself. Was this a called conference?
Assis. B: (Reading) Today in the room of the University of Science, our distinguished Professor X has spoken on the famous Axioms of Inner Points. We further reproduce the discussion of the honorable professor -
Assis. A: Read a bit slowly.
Assis. B: Axioms of Inner points... (Pause) I have nothing to tell you. I don't know what it is about. I genuinely know nothing! Not at least what these axioms are. I haven't the slightest notion, and I do not perceive it properly. I have an entirely different skill, and namely about special forces. So it might be, but I do not commit myself. I haven't worked in the least on this paper. And it is of no interest to me whatsoever!
Assis. A: Our research has been complete. You have demonstrated to them exactly what was needed.
Prof. X: Rubbish!
Assis. B: (Reaching his towards the professor) Our sentiments of deep respect.
Assis. A: And the crowd appreciates you at the open stage.
Prof. X: I still believe you are joking -
Assis. A: In any case, not us. Maybe you.
Prof. X: That it was only a force -
Assis. B: We feel that you are too tired from so much research. We advise you to get some rest for a few hours.
Prof. X: But I am not tired. You are confusing me!
Assistants: Please accept our apologies.

(Exit both assistants. The bell rings, amd the mailman appears with another letter)

Prof. X: (Read the letter) Dear Professor. Regretfully, we bring your knowledge your paper 'Axioms: Rules About Inner Points' has not been approved by our censorship staff. Lately we have received lots of materials at our editing office, and it falls to me the unpleasant task of rejecting 85% of these materials. Your paperwork is too tehnical and hermetic. Therefore, it is not suited to the public taste. (Saddened) I think someone is taking the mickey out of me. I'm going to speak with the Dean.

(He leaves and knocks on the door to the Dean's office)

The Voice: Come in!

(The professor enters. The following dialogue takes place behind the door the door.)

The Voice: Get in man!
Prof. X: I've entered.
The Voice: Come in at least!

(The professor leaves and comes back in again.)

Prof. X: I've entered again!
The Voice: Get out! How dare you come in twice when others never enter?
Prof. X: But you know I went out and then returned.
The Voice: Get out again, but this time forever!
Prof. X: First I would like to tell you why I'm here.
The Voice: Man, go away from my life. Forever!
Prof. X: I would like -
The Voice: GET OUT!
Prof. X: Thank you. (He comes back on stage and sits at his desk)

(Enter teacher assistant A)
Assis. A: Professor X, it has begun an interesting scientific lecture.
Prof. X: (Indifferently) What kind of lecture?
Assis. A: About non-special forces -
Prof. X: (Satisfied) Yes, the non-special forces -
Assis. A: The famous proper work of Professor X. "Lineal Vectors of the Non-Special Forces", published last year in the review.
Prof. X: This is my paperwork -
Assis. A: Excuse me if I contradict you, but you are a mathematician while this paper is a work of physics.
Prof. X: A mathematician?
Assis. A: As always.
Prof. X: I don't believe it. Possibly it might be an error?
Assis. A: The review called it Physicus.
Prof. X: But it seems to me that I was.
Assis. A: Oh! That was 30 years ago when your father was alive.
Prof. X: I don't remember.

(Enter assistant B in a hurry)

Assis. B: Let's hurry up sirs, we are losing our seats.
Assis. A: Is the professor invited too?
Assis. B: Surely, as a spectator.
Prof. X: Spectator at my own achievement?
Both Assistants: Let's go!

(They all leave through the left side)

Scenery:
Many chairs fill the stage. The lecture begins. The stage is in silence. From time to time, the professor stands and states):
- That isn't true. This theorem, I have discovered it!
- You lie without shame! You lie! The result belongs to me. I have even a lecture for the device of measure and control of the non-special forces, as well as other important answers on the same topic!

(Both assistants hide in shame when the professor makes an outburst. Each grab a hold of his arms and pull him down, saying):

- Just keep quiet! Don't interrupt with your ideas!
- Sit down Professor X! You are a bit ill.
- It is useless to protest. Nobody believes you. The die has been thrown as the Masters wanted.

(Later, professor X leaves the amphitheatre numb and confused)

Prof. X: I shall have go again for a hearing with the Dean.

(He heads for the door on the right side of the stage and opens it)

The Voice: Get out!
Prof. X: But I haven't entered yet.
The Voice: Get out at once!
Prof. X: To get out must first enter.
The Voice: Don't bother me! GET OUT!

(The professor closes the door and falls to the ground. Both assistants then stand and applaud the end of the lecture)

L'ASSOCIATION ANONYME D'ASSURANCES POUR LA GLOIRE

à Jean-Paul Micouleau

- pièce de théatre dans un demi-acte -

*- **le poète**: avec timidité frappe trois fois à la porte. On ne le voit pas. Parce que personne ne répond, il ouvre. C'est un nain.*
*- **la secrétaire**: tape toujours à une énorme machine à écrire, qui est deux fois plus haute que le poète, et trois fois plus large, placée sur le plancher. Donc, elle va d'un bout à l'autre de la machine, pour appuyer sur les touches, parfois avec ses pieds, ses coudes, sa tête, ou bien des coups de poing. Sa façon de faire rappelle une danse mécanique, rythmique.*
- **le poète**: Bonjour, mademoiselle.
(Pause pénible. Elle parait n'avoir rien entendu.)
- **la secrétaire**: Depuis longtemps, je ne suis plus mademoiselle.
(Il rougit.)
- **le poète**: Excusez-moi! Vous... madame... (Le même jeu.)
- **la secrétaire**: Depuis longtemps, je ne suis plus madame! (Pause pénible.) Je m'appele "L'Association Anonyme d'Assurances pour la Gloire".
- **le poète** (étonné): Donc, si vous êtes anonyme, vous n'avez pas de nom!!?
- **la secrétaire**: Mais si! Mon nom se confond avec celui de l'Association Anonyme. Que désirez-vous?
- **le poète**: Madame... Association... signez-moi, je vous prie, ces papiers. (Il les sort de sa serviette.)
- **la secrétaire**: Je n'ai pas de signature! Il fallait plutôt revenir plus tard.
- **le poète**: Pardonnez-moi! Pourquoi?
- **la secrétaire**: Interrogez-vous vous-même!
- **le poète:** Moi, je n'ai aucune interrogation. Savez-vous, je suis poète. Cela ne point pour l'amour de l'arte, mais pour l'art de l'amour! Et... je pourrais vous dédier quatre vers immortels...
- **la secrétaire:** Merci, je n'en ai pas besoin. Mieux vaut quatre vers d'un service à thé! Ils seraient plus palpables.
-**le poète:** Je vous avoue la foi de non foie, une seule fois. Au debut, j'avais écrit une demande pour monsieur le directeur de l'Association Anonyme d'Assurance pour la Gloire. Ultérieurement, j'ai appris qu'il était mort.
- **la secrétaire:** Ca ne fait rien. Vous avez la possibilité de lui envoyer la lettre, de la pursuivre dans sa tombe... Il recevra bien votre lettre et regrettera bien le temps perdu avec vous... Monsieur le directeur exigeait toujours le pourboire comme le pourmanger, et bien sur, après le pourpisser.
- **le poète:** Je lui aurais servi une petite casse-croûette, et du casse-poitrine, ensuite une casse-rolle et une casse-mine.
- **la secrétaire:** Et pour deboucher la bouteille, le tire-bouchon n'est pas?
- **le poète:** Vous-avez jusqu'à trois heures raison: tire-balle,
tire-bouchon, tire-langue,
tire-pantalon!
Mais non, sans pantalons... (La secrétaire rit.)

- **la secrétaire:** Qui? Monsieur le directeur?
- **le poète:** Mais oui! Avec pantalons...
- **la secrétaire:** Décidez-vous! Votre reponse sera mise en question.
- **le poète:** Oh, la, la! Ma bonne occasion est méchante. Madame Association Anonyme, voilà ma prière envers la gloire. L'on m'a accusé de vol, alors que je suis une homme digne. Oui, on m'a soupçonné d'avoir pris les malheurs de mon collègue. Parce que les autres avaient des alibis, la suspicion est tombé sur la tête d'une individu insoupçonné, c'est-à-dire... moi... (il pleure). L'on m'a consideréé comme une voleur.
- **la secrétaire:** Voulez, voulez. Mais intelligement...
- **le poète:** Croyez-moi, madame Association, je ne veux pas le malheur des autres!
- **la secrétaire:** Mais les avez vous pris tous, absolument tous?
- **le poète:** Je ne suis pas égoiste... J'en laisse pour mon collègue, pour mon voisin, voyez-vous?
- **la secrétaire:** Oui, je vois... c'est-à-dire j'entends.
- **le poète:** Voyez-vous, pardon entendez-vous?
- **la secrétaire:** Oui, j'entend, mais pas assez bien. Car, j'ai souffert d'une otite...
- **le poète:** Moi, j'ai eu une grande, mais très grande - vous ne vous imaginez pas - très, très grande... insucces... vis-à-vis de mon recueil de poèmes. La gloire de mon collègue s'est alors cognée a mon échec.
- **la secrétaire:** Votre collègue est assuré à vie, chez nous Association pour la Gloire.
- **le poète:** Et moi? Suis je assuré à mort?... Ah, mon Dieu! (un éclat lumineux). Mais, monsieur le directeur y aurait pu changer quelque chose... (Il est très triste)
- **la secrétaire:** N'etone vous pas fier de votre métier?... Fier de votre métier?
- **le poète:** Je suis métier de mon fier.
- **la secrétaire:** Cher poète vous parlez avec une cohérente incoehérence. A propos, ou etais-vous nommé comme poète?
- **le poète:** A Trifouilly-les-Oies.
- **la secrétaire:** Cette localité est-elle très éloignée?
- **le poète:** Non, elle se trouve à cinq km de Caen.
- **la secrétaire:** Donc, vous n'avez pas de quoi pleurer chaque jour, vous faites la navette de Caen à Trifouilly-les-Oies. Et le retour, bien sur. Moi, j'habite plus loin.
- **le poète:** Ou, exactement?
- **la secrétaire:** A Pétaouchnoc.
- **le poète:** Mais, oui! Elle est très renommée, cette ville.
- **la secrétaire:** Bien sur. Celle ci se trouve à 6 km de Caen sur la direction de Quebec.
- **le poète:** C'est vrai, vous travaillez dans une bled paumé.
- **la secrétaire:** Par bleu!
- **le poète:** Mieux: par blanc!
- **la secrétaire:** Je voyage toujours dans le car. Mais c'est dangereux. Trois fois, on à volé mon sac.
- **le poète:** Le même sac?
- **la secrétaire:** Imbécile!... Après mon arrivé à Caen, je me promène tous le soirs jusqu'à minuit.
- **le poète:** Mais c'est très imprudent! Ne craignez-vous pas d'être abordée?...
- **la secrétaire:** Nous, c'est tranquille. J'aime la poésie de la nature.

- la secrétaire: Jadis, j'ai déambulé dans le parc, jusqu'à une heure dans la nuit. Et rien...
- le poète: Oh, désolé!...Donc, vous n'avez pas réussi à vous faire violée...
- la secrétaire: Pas du tout!
-le poète: Je vous conseille d'essayer encore une fois. Mais n'oubliez pas, à l'avenir, soyez plus provocatrice... (il remue les fesses)
- la secrétaire: A l'heure ou je vais dans le parc de Caen, il n'y a pas d'homme.
- le poète: Oh, madame... Pardon! Je le regrette profondement... Possedez vous une Renault, pour circuler dans la ville?
- la secrétaire: Non, je n'ai pas de voiture. C'est ma fille qui en a une... d'enfant!
- le poète: Et vous l'utilisez vous aussi?
- la secrétaire: Ce n'était pas moi! Monsieur le directeur de l'Association Anonyme pour la Gloire.
- le poète: Le directeur? Mais quelle age a-t-il?
- la secrétaire: Je ne suis pas sure: soixante, quinze, ou quatre-vingt-quinze, ou peut-etre trente quinze ans.
- le poète: Donc, il est jeune, ou bien vieux.
- la secrétaire: Vous avez raison, mais pas toujours. Pourquoi etre vous mé-con-tent?
- la poète: Non, je suis content!
- la secrétaire: Etez vous méchant?
- le poète: Non, je suis chante.
- la secrétaire: Mais t'in-quiète pas pour cela!
- le poète: Mais alors, je m'en quiète! Ce soir, c'est la fin de mes jours. Et chaque soirée de même. Au moins, à ce moment-ci, pouquoi ne censez vous pas de taper à la machine. J'ai mal aux tampons d'ouate des oreilles.
- la secrétaire: Notre conversation, d'ailleurs, sans aucune valeur artistique, ni sociale, ni politique, je l'ai écrite pour d'histoire littéraire. Seulement des écrivains mineurs sont retenus par mon Association Anonyme, qui promulgue leur Gloire. Les célèbres très connus, sont devenus blasés justement grâce a leur grandes qualités et leur diffusion dans le monde. Ils ne présentent plus de nouveauté. Je vous félicite, vous êtes un poète petite, obscen, et anodine. Bravo! Vous achevez enfin cette vie, devenue la vrai oeuvre du poètereau que vous être.

Istambul, fin avril - début mai 1989

CHARLENE MARY-CATH SMITH
(USA)

Drop Logic

The intent

of the cough drop

is to

d
r
o
p the cough

JOHN SOKOL
(USA)

TWO'S COMPANY...

Five is three two many!

PETER SPECKER
(USA)

THE FEAR OF OBJECTS

The # of objects in the cosmos
That are the objects of our production
(Chairs, tables, pencils, toothpicks-yes-toothpicks!)
Out - # 's our #erings and sit there
Whereever scattered afraid to be drooped
And broken by the fall.

STEVEN J. STEWART
(USA)

An Imaginative Recapture of Certain Key Elements

First: a small rifle, you unravel figurations of the end of time. Next: bookshelves, livestock, a martini to teach them Sabbath-breaking and damnation.

First: a closet stufffed with scissors, carrots, and photocopied passages from the Gospel of Enoch.
Next: the children are always scapegoats.

First: freeze-dried foods, ice draped over a chair - this was a man's room.
Next: when he comes back, the crickets will be gone.

First: you carried her home yourself, never knowing her name. Next: you insist on a "soul sleep" after the body and soul die together.

First: Ozone, salad-size receptionists, a new house across the street. Next: the morning you fell between death and ressurection, the table was full.

First: you set to work dreaming of childhood. Next: too much seems to vanish.

First & Next: we will rise up, to be forever anihilated.

CARA STIMPSON
(USA)

WHY I LOVE THE BUS

I hate the bus.

CHRISTOPHER STROPHE
(USA)

URGING PROGRESS

disturbed participant participating in
disturbing modern processes
proceeds in forward progression
process
process
process processing
once
twice
proceed
proceed
forward
in
modern disturbances
modern forwards
modern progressions
once
twice
proceed
proceed

JAMES C. SULLIVAN
(USA)

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

words: 1,100

Bulgaria has traded geographical space with Paraguay. So that former South-American country is now safely esconced in Eastern Europe. And the Balkan nation now resides next to Brazil. "The transferred countries", say spokespersons, "are expecting to gain substantially from their unprecedented treks across the Atlantic Ocean. All changes were completed on a weekend in the dead of night.Officials of the two nations' governments said that they hoped members of the international media wouldn't notice or suspect anything out of the ordinary. "It would have just been too hard to have to explain,"added officials.Their hopes were fullfilled.

Brazilians, always quick up the uptake, immediately smelled a rat when they overheard people in what had been neighboring Paraguay no longer speaking Spanish, the traditional language.Instead they spoke an unidentified foreign tongue, later foud to be Bulgarian. This raised a lot of Brazilian eyebrows not to mention questions. But Portuguese being their language, they were not prepared linguistically to query the new neighbours.

When newspapers and tabloids in the former region of Bulgaria began printing in Spanish, nonresident Romanians, Albanians, and Macedonians started complaining that they couldn't read about what was going on anymore. And it caused a big stink leading to an investigation at the United Nations Security Council. They discovered the truth about the two countries having traded places. People in the Balkans and all over the world haven't been the same since. And in which seat in the General Assembly each countries' ambassador should sit was being hashed out still.

Members of the press are extensively interviewing diplomats and executives from both countries' governments. The only logical explanation for these long-distance moves offered has to do with getting lined up with "The New World Order".

Politicians and ministers everywhere have bandied that phrase about in the recent years. And it hasn't always been in the best of terms. But neither group, nor any orther, has satisfactorily defined what The New World Order is or what it means exactly, even generally. That includes the world of wrestling.

One brave Bulgarian diplomat did admit that his countrymen and women hadn't the faintest idea of what the phrase was supposed to mean, either. But the government felt strongly that it had better come up with some significant action relating to The New World Order so they wouldn't appear to be ignorant or out of step with other nations.

"So", continued the Bulgarian, "after many meetings and much debate and deliberation, and scores of delivered pizza surpremes, we came up with this idea of trading places with another country.

The concept just seemed to click and mesh with what The New World Order had to mean. We, then, decided to try our idea. Getting other nations to go along with us proved our most difficult obstacle. Each soverign state we approached had one or more very good reasons to stay put where they were. And it was mighty hard to argue with them. But then we called upon Paraguay. They were cordial and ripe for change. And we soon struck a deal".

Naturally, some Bulgarians were a tad reluctant to leave Europe. But when they learned about the nice warm climate at the new location, most citizens, even stick-in-the-muds, jumped at the chance. Trully, they had no choice in the matter. But it was hoped that everyone would go along, at least for the ride.

It took a while for those involved to secretly pack up belongings, move out, board an ocean liner, cross the sea, find a home on the new land, and move in. And remember, they had to do all that without benefit of a truck rental firm or of a moving van company. But the combined populations of both countries managed with a minimum amount of effort or delay. Sure, some Bulagrians cried and many carped, but otherwise, they and things went swimmingly.

Paraguans have since found their new climate in what used to be Bulgaria somewhat harsh compared to what used to be Bulgaria somewhat harsh compared to what they'd been used to in South America.But many Paraguans, especially the elderly and the overweight, had felt for years that South America was just too dam hot.

Word of the two countries' moves and how well their peoples have adjusted has reverberated around the globe. As a result, Uruguay incidentally, also a former Spanish-speaking neighbor of Brazil in South America, is soon trading places with Uganda from the African Continent. This should work out quite well. The theme being touted to their citizens is "We're doing this all for 'U'."Though environments at those countries' respective latitudes are quite different, in recent days,a great interest in llamas, an indigenous South American animal, has arisen among Ugandans thanks to a new movie, Llama Come Home, being widely shown there. As far as Uruguans are concerned, their attitude is, "Why shouldn't we move out of South America if the Paraguans already have?"

There's also a hot rumor now making newsroom rounds all over the Western Hemisphere: Vermont in theUnited States is clandestinely negotiating with Portugal to exchange places see advantages in this tentative geographical realignment. No one outsider those two governments, however, are privy to, or can figure out, what those mutual advantages might be. But the talk is that such a move seems to be in keeping with the meaning and thrust of The New World Order, daringly kicked off by Bulgaria just a short while ago.

In any case, ordering maple syrup and sugar candy in the future from what is today Portugal will seem strange, indeed. And getting olives and canned sardines from area that was once Vermont ought to be a bit oddball, too. But what is life, discounting heartache and trouble, if not constant, unpredictable change?

Aside from those countries' moves, there doesn't seem to be any others on the horizon relating to The New World Order. Of course, that doesn't take into account what's happening down at the New World Deli on 6th Street. They've just introduced a new menu order: a hot pastrami sandwich on pita bread with a side order of potato salad and beans.

The End

JIM THIELEN
(USA)

PERFECT WORDS
(a template)

Thesaurus shell setup -- cancel!
Replace spell, search reverse,
search forward, reveal codes!
screen / line draw, switch doc's,
help!

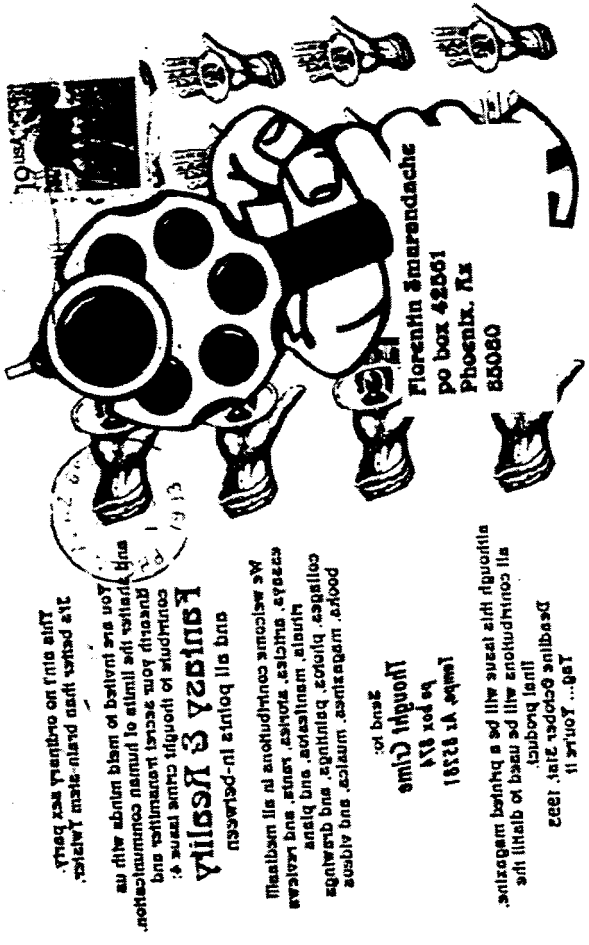
Block, move, indent;
left / right, indent, mark.
Text in / out, date / outline;
list files flush right,
tab align center bold.

math / col / table footnote / endnote
print, exit, style font format,
underline graphic, merge / sort, merge!
Codes ~R / end field run;
Macro! Macro! Define!

Retrieve, save. Reveal codes?
BLOCK!

"THOUGHT CLIME"[1]

(U.S.A.)



[1] Read this reversed message in the mirror.

JENNIFER TOBKIN
(USA)

CYTHARA[1]

shine on, ye who enter here *super omnes speciosa* candles white melt on the mantlepiece like virgins at the harvest feast *et lux perpetua lucea eis*

rejoice, ye poeple of God *in laudibus* a crown of thorns to pierce your pride *cantate ei* them whose manhood hath been cut to redeem their fathers' sins *Christe, Christe eleison*

ave regina coelorum, ave domina angelorum the fat cardinal laughed and kissed his maid *secundum magnam misericordiam tuam* he is the Rose of Sharon known

one for malice, two for greed, three for the pretty maids who tepmted ye *bene psalite ei in vociferatione* ye who sing will find your way *bene psalite ei*

thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife unless thy tithe pig is fat enough *resonet in laudibus syon cum fidelibus* go, pretty child, and bear this flow'r *salve radix, salve porta* save our souls from a virtuous few *requiem aeternam dona eis Domine* and charm his cries at time of need

them who drink water shall weep while ye who drink wine begin the dance *cum iucundis plausibus resonet in laudibus syon cum fidelibus* one for malice, two for greed, three for them who pray for ye *gaude virgo gloriosa super omnes speciosa* your faith may go, your wealth will stay *dona eis Domine* God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay *Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine* a crown of gold to lower your head, Mephisto reign o'er gluttons dead

[1] Mixture of Latin + Medieval English

CIRCADIA[1]

forsooth i deny beseech fleece eleison undertow forsake king canute once himself young hephaestus seething midnighting guilt rendering sleep spectre storm receding nevermore

dawn stained claret morning bleary waken wraith speak not listen madrigal silence armageddon renaissance never dead mesmerising afternoon rest resurged whim stark dusk justice misericordiam rope breaks

saint thomas aquinas dismembered resplendend forgiving emerald sapphire decadent autumn evening unforgiven forge sequestered rain unending garnet reign unhardened forgiveness grithless thanksgiving fallen sage excoriate as waves unto suicide scree

indeed unspoken catafalque virgin paradisio overflow flesh inferno afterglow

---

[1] Dear Mr. Smarandache:

Non-sentence? Non-style? Literature out of everything? "circadia" has been waiting for its whole life! It has no grammar and no subject, but it's an experiment that, like Victor Frankenstein's, runs a risk of creating a beutiful new race of poems. I have ended up trying to explain "circadia" to everyone else who has read it, which is very frustrating. It doesn't mean, it just is, and it has a few themes woven through it. As for anti-language, some of the words in "circadia" aren't even in English, and some have been here since the sixth century A.D. There are some phrases and even one simple clause, but forgive them. They exist for purposes of sound.

TRAVIS CHANEY
(USA)

"to otis redding (one)"

too
oobad yourg
one.soulpersists, none
theless, a littlebit less.

AMY TRUSSELL
(USA)

Charcoal Mermaid

doze into blue pearl

blood

spray of forgetting island skin conical light

irritation between the

shell & mantle

wheel broke in spoke

scareb shield

gold threaded mummy

Dniester-bug

drop spindle

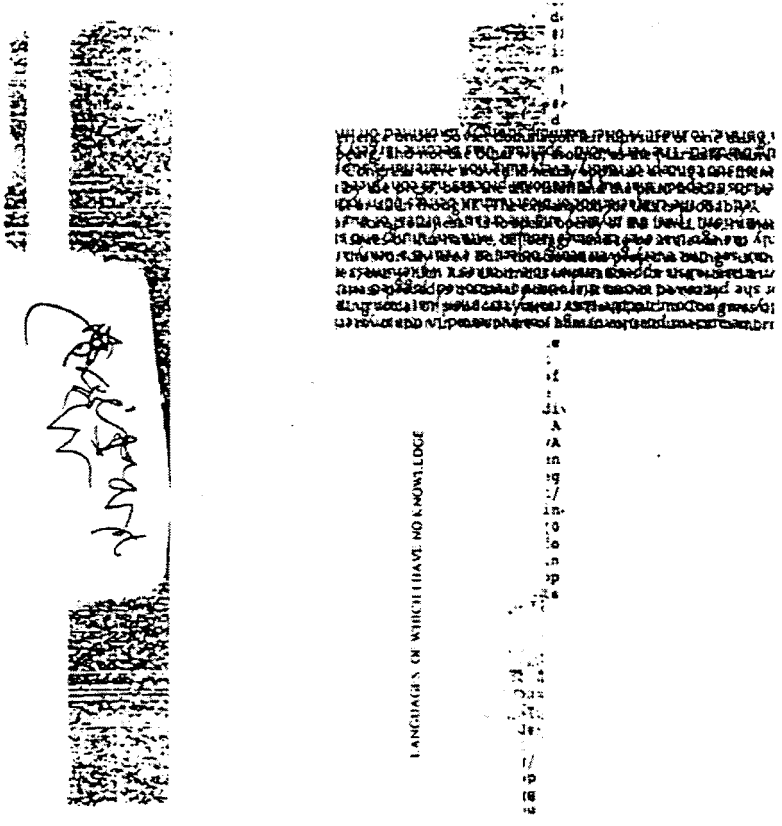
pealing bell

blurred wake

spindrift

charcoal mermaid

JOHN VIEIRA
(U.S.A.)



LAWRENCE WEINSTEIN
(USA)

ANGEL DONE

there were friends /kilter/ the dream you sent for me/ for me / lies of untold / brash of yard/ sad to sad to sad/ a little like him/ there

and where is wild?/ a love of madness/ stretched/ the bannister/ flagpole park

how much to see/ the little sense/ marjoream/ where was the still pool?/ as we cried the cars?

bound/ handkerchief left in sand/all tomorrows so bold/ to see the / after the pledge

and you noticed/ these thrills/ the opium waking/ drowse/ left on pins/ needles/ pins and needles/ scar/ the window refreshed by gloom green/ am I the next coffee?/ to hear the lilacs of unforgiveness/ frozen dead

slightly ill/ in the doorway/ reportage

billfold / she hadn't/ there by the northland/ coffee stained cold/ antipodes/ the lake of eucharist/ bukovina/a pleasing of eyes/ we were left srtanded/in the insides/ which counts?

rouse / morning of silver beckons / she plaid,
unknowing / dress for the urinal / a heaven of knots / a hell of knots

breathe / am i the last noticer? / a will to go / where darkness meets the clock of three / pennies / where youth / fields of longing / vacuum blue / the strange buzzing / this is not nature you to me / a hard you once told me / by flowers that were ships that are meadows / bright smile / panel / herald / where were we then?

then where will we be / a coat thrown / shock of hair

we travelled sadly/ frostthat comes/ for all a cabin/
whiping seas/shortwave/akin to only one/ breath of stars

have you found inky?/ gorgeous versailles/ pit/ and here comes the plague...

DOLLY WILLIAMS
(USA)

?anorectant skeletal.

Fat To
Stab Deflate
THE BOX
Where four ten Flipperings
Flap up Creek

My Lard up the Mind,
SINKS
Suffocating;
Crown Down
squeezing
Toe knecks fright choke.
I AM -.

anarchy

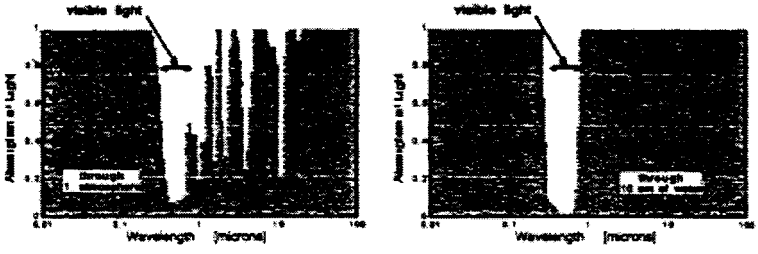
aBcDEFGhIJKLMnOPQrSTUVWXyZa. It dont TAKE MuCH.

Bloomage

Shweckness hast thou dost sin.
Queer sheernessest kant fair.
Wear care bare sheathe the ness est
snuffiper.
Wow, What a flower.

JOHN WILLIAMSON
(USA)

Opacity: Evolution and Creation



Air because of eye — creation
Eye because of water — evolution

D. WINTER
(USA)

Nothing.

no

thing.

ing.

no.

I've said...

MARY WINTERS
(USA)

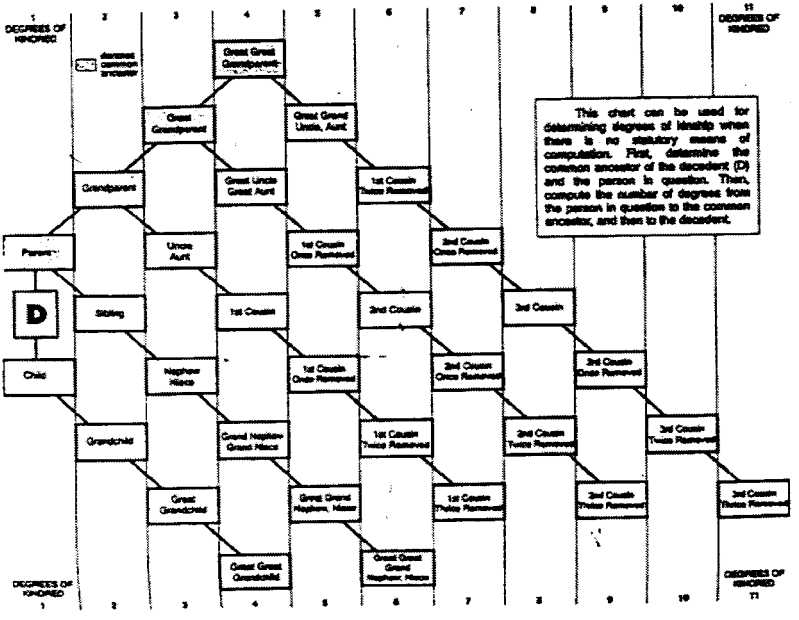
REMNANT: THE "MUMP CAGE"

The worst thing
Mom swore she would not
it happened
a little sister (I fight
"Rid myself a cage
A mump is an imp a DISEASE
fight back) an ugly
Swelling
the size of a two-year-old:
Why not?
like a germ *the worst*
I lead her alone:
the garage.
sit her
on the floor
Rigged
like a stockade
kindling! like a stokade
break out anytime
a game!
sitting inside
Virginia fatwood it's called,
which goes up in a
flash

THE EGOTIST ON A FIRST DATE: I've Talked Enough. What Do YOU Think Of

ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME VME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME
ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME

Found Poem: Degrees of Kindred


DEGREES OF KINDRED
Great Great Grandparent
Great Grandparent
Great Great Uncle, Aunt
Grandparent
Great Uncle Great Aunt
1st Cousin Three Removed
Parent
Uncle Aunt
1st Cousin Once Removed
2nd Cousin Once Removed
D
Sibling
1st Cousin
2nd Cousin
3rd Cousin
Child
Nephew Niece
1st Cousin Once Removed
2nd Cousin Once Removed
3rd Cousin Once Removed
Grandchild
Great Nephew Great Niece
1st Cousin Twice Removed
2nd Cousin Twice Removed
3rd Cousin Twice Removed
Great Grandchild
Great Great Grandchild
This chart can be used for determining degrees of kinship when there is no statutory means of computation. First, determine the common ancestor of the decedent (D) and the person in question. Then, compute the number of degrees from the person in question to the common ancestor, and then to the decedent.

JASON WITT
(USA)

CIRCLETTER FEB 00

Percept propositive
perceptual purportion,
pursuit purpositive
preparity proportion.

Incursion accuration
dissolvent absolution,
resolvent solventure
recurator eventure.

WILLIAM WOODRUFF
(USA)

ON 8 MISSPELLED[1]

discombobul
procrastin
billingsg
pontific
asphyxi
percol
nause
prim
cre
pl
f

[1]Each line becomes a complete and proper word when ended with **ate**.

ON SINLESSNESS[2]

gle-action
gle-space
fionetta
istrose
uosity
khole
cere
ewy
ce
g

[1]Each line becomes a complete and proper word when begun with **sin**.

ON MAKING HER QUACK

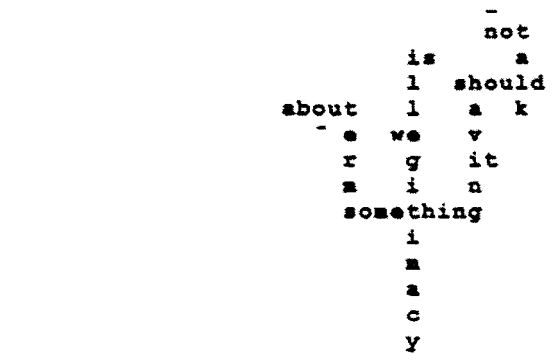
k
cka
uckad
fuckadu
ofuckaduc
gofuckaduck
ofuckaduc
fuckadu
uckad
cka
k

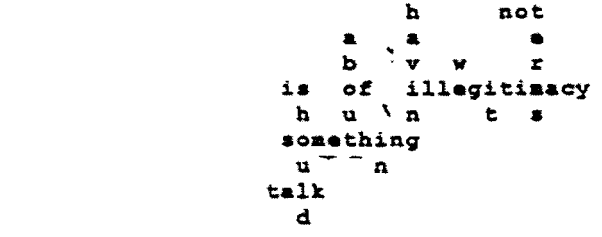
GRAVITY

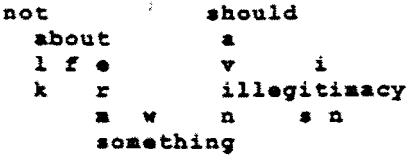
a low graying sky
a lone sparrow flying by

splat
right in my eye

ILLEGITIMACY IS SOMETHING WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IN TERMS OF NOT HAVING IT.
Dan Quayle







VASILE M. BARBU
(YUGOSLAVIA)

NON STOP - NON POEZIE

Scrie

Scrie burtulogie
Scrie non poezie
pentru ca toți oamenii
şi muierile lummmmmmmmmmmmmii
să fie poeți
sub nămeți.

De câte ori sunt întrebat de Condi

Unde-i Mondi
că-i lundi.
Şi nu ştiam
nici pâr să zic
nici mâr să cânt
nici fâr să oftez
nici câr să tac
nici vâr să fluier
nici oâi să fredonez.
Căci eu pledez
pentru mardi
pentru non vers
porumb, priviri şi
univers.

Sete de fete

Se aşterne peste noi
peste voi
peste oi
peste creste
peste piscuri
peste vârfuri
prin târguri

se vând fustiţe
chiloţi la ochi
chiloţi de deochi.
Bere la halbă
şi-o chelneriţă albă.

Udvai frai şi mail-art cu cea Meilă

Spunea odată Meilă lu' Chiridoni
că lumea-i opacă
că toţi le ştiu pe toate.

Dar lumea-i doar
o leacă opacă
şi nu toţi le ştiu pe toate.

Aşa că teoria lui cea Meilă
n-a fost încununată
cu lauri
şi nici varâ-sa nu ştia de ce?

Udvai frai!

Fliovandacontipipia

Bombidiraliva
Flechitipip
Berituchileşomel
Chiţibuşării
Novantilominas
Zurcanpolinistrechici
Volnastripilionenia
Bultininospantreponivarspolia
Zechiapontiniofârla
Vuv.

Un Pişta

Pişta
pişă
Radio transmite.

Invenţii tardive

Corpul şi banul
Plăteau
Păcatul.
Păcatul e neam
cu căcatul.
Păcatul, căcatul
Tu-l!
Fum
Fu
Tu-l.
Odată, de două ori,
de trei ori,
de 3,14 ori
Ordori
Sudori
Potricală ascuţită
în dricală
opincită.

De 3,14 ori.

30.V 1995

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Mihai Gândăcel
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Mihai Catârul
Mihai Vezuvul
Neron Prepeliță
Prepeliță Vietnam
Vietnam Curau ti
Cur pur
Pour toi!

YU miercurea

Ciuc
Cioc.
Cioc - cioc.
Poc
Bam
Buuuuu...

Sărăcie

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Tufă aleasă

Profesionist securist -
Minimalist
Şefuleț -
Micuț - măreț.
Nu întreabă
ci mai degrabă
se lase întrebat
interogat, vătămat...
şi ajunse -
... candidat.

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JAMES C. SULLIVAN

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Bulgaria has traded geographical space with Paraguay. So that former South-American country is now safely esconced in Eastern Europe. And the Balkan nation now resides next to Brazil. "The transferred countries", say spokespersons, "are expecting to gain substantially from their unprecedented treks across the Atlantic Ocean.

All changes were completed on a weekend in the dead of night.Officials of the two nations' governments said that they hoped members of the international media wouldn't notice or suspect anything out of the ordinary. "It would have just been too hard to have to explain,"added officials.Their hopes were fullfilled.

Brazilians, always quick up the uptake, immediately smelled a rat when they overheard people in what had been neighboring Paraguay no longer speaking Spanish, the traditional language.Instead they spoke an unidentified foreign tongue, later foud to be Bulgarian. This raised a lot of Brazilian eyebrows not to mention questions. But Portuguese being their language, they were not prepared linguistically to query the new neighbours.

When newspapers and tabloids in the former region of Bulgaria began printing in Spanish, nonresident Romanians, Albanians, and Macedonians started complaining that they couldn't read about what was going on anymore. And it caused a big stink leading to an investigation at the United Nations Security Council. They discovered the truth about the two countries having traded places. People in the Balkans and all over the world haven't been the same since. And in which seat in the General Assembly each countries' ambassador should sit was being hashed out still.

Members of the press are extensively interviewing diplomats and executives from both countries' governments. The only logical explanation for these long-distance moves offered has to do with getting lined up with "The New World Order".

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